Producer: Joel Silver

Ford Fairlane

Rock and Roll Detective

Written by

James Cappe

&

David Arnott

Based on the character

created by

Rex Weiner

A Silver Pictures Production
Copyright © 1988

REVISED SECOND DRAFT
February, 1988

FADE IN TO:

1 INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT - CLOSE ON HIGH HAT 1

as a drumstick smashes away at it and we PULL BACK. We hear the din of a SCREAMING CROWD -- a THUMPING BASS DRUM kicks in as a single spotlight shows us the name on the drum set: "SLUDGE." The DRUMMER: long hair and aloof attitude. The rest of the band is currently inactive: a babyfaced KEYBOARDIST -- a spaced out BASS PLAYER -- and a LEAD GUITARIST who is quite possibly the ugliest human on the face of the earth. THE SET: bubbling cauldrons, pitchforks, stalactites hanging from above -- looks like they do their shopping at "Demons 'R' Us."

TEN THOUSAND TEENAGERS raise their fists and pound to the beat...

CUT TO:

2 INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM 2

Large, spacious, and trashed. Sounds of the band and the screaming crowd leak through the walls. The Lead Singer of "Sludge" steps INTO FRAME. He has long blonde hair, skulls for earrings, a tank top, and spandex pants that look painted on. His name is BOBBY SLUDGE and he's on the phone:

SLUDGE
I'm telling you, man, that's what the dude said. No. He's not going for it.

A FIGURE PASSES BY -- we hear A GIRL GIGGLING. Sludge turns and winks at his unseen companion. We hear a bottle CLINK to the ground and ROLL. More GIGGLES. Sludge snaps back to the phone.

SLUDGE
Yeah, she's here. Don't sweat it -- she's so drunk she doesn't even know her own name... Yeah, I'll find a place.

A ROADIE pops his head in the door:

ROADIE
Five minutes, Bobby

SLUDGE
I'll have to call ya back. I got a show to do.

Sludge hangs up and turns to face the still unseen girl.

SLUDGE
Baby, you really gotta learn to hold your liquor.

The Girl jumps INTO FRAME -- and onto Sludge.

She is LISA: looks about eighteen, blonde, innocent, gorgeous -- and, Jesus, this girl's completely wasted -- yet her eyes could still melt granite.

Lisa hangs from Sludge's neck -- kicking those eyes into overdrive:

LISA
I'd rather be holding you...

She kisses him and Sludge reluctantly obliges. There are harder things than granite after all.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CONCERT STAGE 3

Drums still thumping -- crowd still yelling. The Keyboardist touches a single finger to the electronic ivories: E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E, a solitary note pitches through the auditorium and the crowd HOWLS.

A spotlight hits the Lead Guitarist as he comes to life and starts to SWING HIS ARM around and around in the air.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DRESSING ROOM 4

Lisa plops down off of Sludge into a big easy chair. She picks up a wine cooler bottle and takes a dainty swig. Her eyes are heavy and tired -- she's going to be out any minute now.

Sludge walks across the room to a mirror and checks his look. He likes it. He has his back to Lisa.

LISA
Bobby...?

SLUDGE
Yes, babe...

LISA
Do you really love me?

SLUDGE
(smirking)
Of course I do.

Like hell he does. Sludge reaches for Lisa's purse.

CUT TO:

5 INT. STAGE - THE LEAD GUITARIST 5

still swinging his arm -- his pick inching closer to the strings. The crowd SHRIEKS in anticipation of the first painful note... One last swing... His hand HITS the guitar...

And the strings SLICE OFF HIS FINGERS. Blood sprays -- digits fly into the audience -- the Guitarist HOWLS... The teenagers SCREAM...

CUT TO:

6 INT. DRESSING ROOM 6

Sludge is closing up Lisa's purse. A Roadie stumbles in carrying a big five gallon container of something.

ROADIE
Time to grease up!

Sludge nods and tosses the purse at Lisa. BONK! -- it hits her squarely in her comatose face. She doesn't even flinch. Sludge LEAVES FRAME as we STAY ON Lisa -- fast asleep. She even snores adorably.

CUT TO:

7 INT. STAGE 7

The Lead Guitarist is gleefully licking the blood off of his obviously phoney finger stumps. His own fingers pop up -- he swings again -- and this time he really hits it: TWA-A-A-A-AANG!

The audience EXPLODES in a flurry of cheers. Then:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Witches and Warlords... Avalon Attractions is proud to present... The Demon of Darkness... The Master of Mayhem... The Royal Ruler of Rotten... Personal friend of Satan himself... Mr. Hell... I give you: SLUDGE!

The audience goes ape-shit and the lights go OUT. A GLOW is approaching from backstage -- the crowd STAMPS ITS FEET in unison. The glow gets brighter -- the crowd tromps louder -- it's like an 8.5 on the Richter Scale. Bobby Sludge steps onto the stage --

-- and he's ON FIRE. Covered from head to toe by licking flames -- he looks like a heavy metal version of the Human Torch. He steps calmly in front of the band as the crowd leaps to its feet frothing at the mouth.

Sludge JUTS both fists in the air -- the lights go ON -- two ROADIES WITH FIRE EXTINGUISHERS leap in -- FO-O-O-O-OSH! -- and put out the inferno that is the rock star's body. Another ROADIE tosses him a MICROPHONE. Sludge smolders a bit -- transparent goo oozing over his body. He shoves the microphone half-way into his mouth and SHRIEKS:

SLUDGE
ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?

AUDIENCE
YE-E-E-E-E-E-S!

The Band breaks in with a noise that on some other planet may be considered music -- Sludge takes a deep breath, sticks that microphone even further in his mouth -- and lets out a HOWL.

The crowd riots -- if there were structural engineers here they might seriously consider whether or not the roof would actually come down. But that's nothing because the Band ROCKS into overdrive -- our hypothetical engineers heading for their cars as --

Sludge CHOKES. His face turns beet red. He begins making gurgling sounds as if something were trying to crawl out of his body.

The Lead Guitarist catches a look at Sludge -- confusion on his face. Sludge desperately tries to catch his breath -- blood trickles from his mouth.

The crowd sounds like all ten thousand of them are in labor -- they love this.

Sludge's eyes bug out as he thrashes about the stage -- breaking amps and pitchforks and limbs. The crowd's roar turns to a chant: SLUDGE! SLUDGE! SLUDGE!

And Sludge falls forward hitting the stage floor with his face -- SPLAT!

The band starts missing notes -- looking around. This doesn't seem to be part of the act. Sludge's body lays motionless on the ground.

The crowd reaches a level of frenzy beyond the limits of human comprehension.

CUT TO:

8 INT. FORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 8

And we start CLOSE ON A DIGITAL CLOCK RADIO. It reads 3:54 PM. We PAN -- BY the bed, a pillow covering the head of its owner. We PASS a chair with a rumpled jacket thrown over it.

We see a nightstand -- a stack of notes -- all written on cocktail napkins. We GO THROUGH an open doorway to:

9 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON DETAILS 9

A big fluffy couch -- one cushion askew. A marble coffee table -- coffee stain rings on it. We PAN PAST an obviously old, but still in mint condition ELECTRIC GUITAR propped carefully against a wall.

We PAN ACROSS THE WALL -- a photo in a frame: Bruce Springsteen in concert -- signed by the Boss himself -- "To Ford, I thank you and my car thanks you."

More autographed pictures: Pat Benatar, the entire band of RATT, Huey Lewis -- all personalized to "Ford."

Then there's a private investigator's certificate from the county of Los Angeles. The name on it: "Wilford F. Fairlane."

The camera MOVES TOWARDS ANOTHER WALL -- except it's a wall we can't see very much of. A tremendous MUSIC SYSTEM adorns this side of the room -- racks of sound equipment -- tape decks -- and a pair of frightening-looking, five-foot-tall speakers standing like silent sentinels. A pack of cigarettes lies on top of one of the quiet giants.

We MOVE IN CLOSE ON the AMPLIFIER. There is one of those wall socket timer clocks hooked up to it somehow -- two needles about to touch. The timer whirs a bit -- then there is a CLICK.

10 WIDE ON MUSIC SYSTEM 10

Deathly silence for a second. Then a LOW RUMBLING can be heard -- a POP -- a HISS. The air seems to crackle...

And the LOUDEST MUSIC IN THE HISTORY OF DOLBY STEREO BLASTS out of the speakers. Dust is literally kicked up as a rollicking ROCK SONG careens through the room.

11 BACK TO BEDROOM -- ON BED 11

And the MUSIC is just as LOUD in here. The figure jerks spasmodically for a second -- then slowly pokes its head out from under the pillow.

FORD FAIRLANE opens his eyes. He's in his early thirties, handsome, currently dressed in boxer shorts showing off a fairly well-built body. Right now is not the best time to get a first look at him: his eyes are fuzzy, his chin stubbly, and his dark hair looks like a complicated Japanese floral arrangement.

Ford shakes his head and slowly gets up. The MUSIC BLARES on as he stretches his arms and cracks his neck. He walks towards the living room.

12 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM 12

Ford plods over to the rattling stereo system -- reaches for it -- and grabs the pack of cigarettes off a vibrating speaker.

He ritualistically lights a smoke as if nothing is more important at this moment. He inhales deeply -- holds it in -- lets it out. His eyes seem to instantly clear up.

NOW he reaches over and turns off the amplifier. The MUSIC cuts out -- and we hear the PHONE RINGING. Ford crosses over to the couch, reaches under it, and pulls out the telephone.

FORD
Sorry, can't hear you. Call back in ten minutes.

Ford hangs up. He reaches under the couch again and pulls out an answering machine. He turns up the volume and pushes a button. We FOLLOW Ford around as his messages play back.

13 INT. FORD'S KITCHEN 13

Dirty dishes piled high. Ford comes in and opens the refrigerator. There's a woman's high-heeled shoe inside it. Ford reaches past the shoe and pulls out a jug of orange juice.

VOICE ON MACHINE (V.O)
Ford, Wohlschlaeger calling, around noon. Guess you're still asleep. Listen amigo, Eddie Money's in town next week and if you could scam me backstage passes again I'd be mucho appreciado. 555-2648. Okay, bye.
(BEEP!)

Ford guzzles orange juice and cruises back into:

14 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM 14

where he passes by the answering machine.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Ford, Carolyn calling. Again, I might add. Just wondering --

Ford fast-forwards to the next message.

ANOTHER FEMALE (V.O.)
Hi, this is Vikki. Did you lose my number, 'cause --

Again with the fast-forward.

YET ANOTHER FEMALE (V.O.)
Good afternoon/good morning, Mr. Fairlane. This is Jazz here...

Ford reaches for the fast-forward -- then stops. This one he's going to listen to. He heads for:

15 INT. FORD'S BATHROOM 15

Ford enters and opens the medicine cabinet. There's some toothpaste and a remote control inside. Ford sets his cigarette and juice on the sink and grabs the toothpaste.

JAZZ (V.O.)
Just calling to let you know Mr. accountant checked out "clean" and to say "Hi" and what's going on and stuff. I'd ask you to call me back, but I wouldn't want you to go out of your way -- change your life like that. Um... bye.
(BEEP!)

16 INT. FORD'S BEDROOM 16

Ford opens a closet. Empty hangers adorn a pole. He reaches down to a pile of clothes on the closet floor and pulls out some pants and a shirt.

OBNOXIOUS VOICE ON MACHINE (V.O.)
Hyuck, hyuck. That's a great message. Ford Fairlane, what a name. Johnny Shoemaker here. Got a little problemo and I was told you were the man. I'm doing my show down at KPOG -- 8675 Sunset Blvd. Come by around seven and we can talk turkey. Ford Fairlane, hyuck, hyuck. That's rich.
(BEEP!)

Ford walks around to the side of the bed, throws down the clothes, and sits down to finish his cigarette.

VOICE ON MACHINE (V.O.)
This is Billy. We're still on for four o'clock, right? Okay? See you at four.
(BEEP!)

The machine stops. Ford catches a look at his clock radio. It reads: 4:08. Ford shrugs and stands up. Then he does a fairly peculiar thing.

He opens his hands and smacks them together rhythmically: CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP. An electronic CHIRPING SOUND is heard from:

17 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM 17

Ford plods in and picks something up off the floor. It's his keys. On the key ring is a tiny black plastic thing -- an electronic KEY FINDER. Ford twirls his keys as we:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. FORD'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 18

Ford saunters out of his VENICE HOME -- small, quaint, and in dire need of some cleaning up. He is fully dressed now in a fairly hip pair of pants, kinda neat new wave shirt, and a sort of cool jacket -- all of which would look a lot hipper, neater, and cooler if they were ironed.

Ford walks up to his car which is partially parked on the lawn. It's a fairly beat up faded blue 1975 MUSTANG -- its only unusual quality being TINTED WINDOWS. Ford gets in and disappears behind the dark glass.

The Mustang starts -- and LOUD ROCK MUSIC instantly begins to blare, vibrating out of the very frame and body of the car.

The tires SQUEAL as Ford quickly backs away from his house and speeds away. A neighborhood cat MEOWS in terror somewhere.

CUT TO:

19 INT. OFFICE - DAY 19

Very nice -- a number of GOLD RECORDS adorn the walls. BILLY JOEL and CHRISTIE BRINKLEY are here. Billy is pacing impatiently with an irritated look on his face. Christie is standing silently off to the side -- and she seems mad.

There is a KNOCK and Ford Fairlane instantly bursts through the door. He's going full tilt and kissing as much ass as humanly possible:

FORD
Whew -- would you believe that traffic. Sorry I'm late, my dog ate my watch. Billy! Bud. How's my favorite Melville classic?
(seeing Christie)
Ho ho ho -- Uptown girl, you got the devil in you. Whew -- you are one bad mamajamma.

Ford goes to kiss Christie's hand. She pulls away.

FORD
It's okay. I shaved.

Billy goes to a refrigerator and hands Ford a Coke.

BILLY
So, Ford. What d'ya find out?

FORD
Basic stuff. He's your average respectable accountant. Graduated from Stanford with a Master's degree in Business. No major debts. No previous names. No crooked dealings that I can find, so he's honest, which is good. Or he's a great cheat, which is even better. Little accountant joke... there... ahem.

CHRISTIE
See. I told you.

BILLY
Christie, it doesn't hurt to check.

CHRISTIE
Hurts me. You don't trust me at all.

BILLY
Now don't start...

CHRISTIE
What's the matter, Mr. Don't Go Changin'. Don't you love me just the way I am?

Ford chokes a bit on his Coke -- this has gotten ugly fast. He eases himself up behind Christie.

FORD
Okay, everybody here, let's all take a deep breath and --

CHRISTIE
(whipping around)
Butt out!

And she didn't realize how close behind her Ford was because -- BAP! -- her elbow knocks Ford's arm -- Coke spills down Ford's shirt.

BILLY
Really smooth, Crusty.

CHRISTIE
Screw you, Billy! You're such a loud-mouth, stupid, dumb-ass wop!

BILLY
Okay. You're dead.

Billy SLAPS some papers off his desk. Christie makes a FIST and cocks her arm. This is it -- Ford tries a joke:

FORD
Ding! And that's the end of this first exciting round --

CHRISTIE
I told you to butt out!

Christie SWINGS AROUND -- right fist flying right at Ford's head and --

-- SWOOP SLAP! -- Ford's left hand whips up out of nowhere, blindingly fast, and GRABS Christie's hand in mid-air.

FORD
Okay. This is how it works.
(to Billy)
You -- you, make music.
(to Christie)
You -- you, look beautiful.

He lets go of her hand.

FORD
What's happening here? This man, this crazy Eye-tralian musical God -- he cares about you. He's concerned here.
(MORE)

FORD (CONT'D)
He wrote "Scenes from an Italian Restaurant." I mean, I shouldn't have to say any more that that. Come on, you two. Kiss and make up.

Billy and Christie look at each other.

FORD
Come on...
(singing:)
"A bottle of red, a bottle of white..."

Ford's cheesy vocals do the trick. Billy and Christie shake their heads. They smile. They hug. They kiss. Awwwww...

FORD
Why don't I just leave you kids alone.

Ford turns for the door -- his back to Billy and Christie. We see him ROLL HIS EYES in exasperation. Billy snaps away from his wife:

BILLY
Hang on. Let me walk you to the elevator.

20 INT. HALLWAY - AT ELEVATORS 20

Billy pulls a GOLD WRISTWATCH off his arm and hands it to Ford. The elevator doors open.

BILLY
Ford -- here.

FORD
Wait -- what's this. I can't...

BILLY
Take it. As payment. It's solid gold -- worth about two thousand bucks. It's the least I can do.

FORD
No really. Money is fine.

BILLY
This is better.

FORD
I really don't have any use for...

Ford hold the watch out to Billy. Billy pushes it back to him -- also pushing Ford into the now open elevator.

BILLY
Take it. So you can always be on time.

Ford steps back into the elevator as the doors start to close.

FORD
But...

BILLY
Ciao, Ford.

The doors close on Ford's frustrated face.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - LATE DAY 21

Ford comes out of the building and walks up to his car -- currently parked in a red zone. He pulls a parking ticket off the windshield and gets in.

22 INT. FORD'S MUSTANG 22

For the first time we get to see the INSIDE of his car -- and it's GREAT. Immaculate leather seats, not a crack in the dashboard, a radar detector, a stereo system that includes a COMPACT DISK PLAYER, and even a goddamn CAR PHONE.

Ford tosses the ticket on the dash. He pulls a 5 inch silver disk out of a crack between the seats and shoves it in the CD player. MUSIC BLARES -- Ford starts the car -- he pulls away, not looking happy at all.

CUT TO:

23 INT. SAMMY'S BAR - EVENING 23

The "Sammy" that originated this place must be dead. It's sort of a low rent New Wave place now -- kind of scummy, but not so bad that you'd feel your life was threatened.

Ford Fairlane plops down at the bar in front of the bartender: PAULIE. Paulie is quite young, a blue streak in his hair, and a big hoop earring in one lobe.

PAULIE
Hi, private eye. How goes it?

FORD
Hey Bartender, hey man, oh yeah.

Paulie pours Ford his usual -- club soda.

PAULIE
That bad, huh?

FORD
Paulie, pablo, paulster, you tell me. What do I want to do with my life?

PAULIE
Get laid. Make money.

FORD
I don't make money, I make gifts.

Ford pulls his new watch out of a pocket.

PAULIE
Very nice.

FORD
You like it? It's yours.

PAULIE
Get real.

FORD
Take it. Credit my tab to the year 2000.

PAULIE
Knock it off. Who'd this one come from?

FORD
Billy Joel.

PAULIE
Ford, man, you know everybody.

FORD
Big freekin' whoopdi-ass dingle dongle doo. What does it get me?

PAULIE
Let's see, a 25 inch color TV from Martha Davis, a VCR from Bon Jovi --

FORD
And more remote controls than I can juggle --

PAULIE
A car phone from Elton John --

FORD
And Elton does not pay my phone bills, I might add. You know a call on that thing to Dominos Pizza costs more than the pizza.

PAULIE
A stereo system of the gods from Huey Lewis... a Rollex from the Piano Man...
(sees something)
...and, uh, her.

Paulie points behind Ford. A cute redhead -- MELODI -- stands behind him, all bubbly and grinning.

MELODI
Do you really know all those people?

FORD
Only on a first name basis.

MELODI
That's cute. You're funny.

FORD
That's funny, you're cute.

MELODI
(digs it; then:)
Did you know him?

Melodi points to the bar television. The MTV News is on and a VEEJAY is running down the story on the latest rock and roll tragedy:

VEEJAY (ON T.V.)
... and early reports are saying that Bobby Sludge's sudden death at last night's concert may be drug related.

FORD
Another great artist -- gone. Who'll be left to write "Vomit 'till Ya Drop?"

PAULIE
David Lee Roth?

Melodi grabs a napkin and writes her phone number and name -- the "i" dotted with a heart. She hands it to Ford.

MELODI
My name's Melodi, as in "a pretty girl is like a." Whatever you're doing tonight...
(sultry beat)
...cancel.

She winks at Ford and exits the bar -- and what an exit. Paulie looks on in awe:

PAULIE
Fuck me...

FORD
I think she asked first.

Ford hands Paulie the phone number.

FORD
Here. You take her out.

PAULIE
Seriously? Are you serious?
(beat)
You are. You're serious. Ford, I don't understand you, man. You don't have a steady, you don't date, women are falling all over you, you don't care... What's the story?

FORD
I don't know, you know... I mean it's just... I don't know. She's out there somewhere, Paulie. Somewhere there's a girl that I'm gonna meet and fall in love with and... have... romance.

PAULIE
What about Jaserbouski?

FORD
Jazz... she's just a friend. A very good friend.

PAULIE
Isn't that the idea?

Ford thinks for a second. Suddenly:

FORD
Je-sus, I got a seven o'clock. What time is it?

PAULIE
Seven o'clock.

Ford bolts for the door. Paulie stops him with a whistle, holding up the Rolex with that "forgetting something" look.

FORD
You keep it, no joke.
(pointing to his head)
Internal clock. Unerring accuracy.

On Ford's exit a bad DISCO SONG starts on the soundtrack as we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT - CLOSE ON RECORD 24

as a needle is SCREECHED painfully across the tracks -- the bad Disco Song stops -- and a hand YANKS the album off the platter.

SHOEMAKER (O.S.)
Yow-e-e-e-e-e!

We PULL BACK and see JOHNNY SHOEMAKER sling the record across the broadcast room, shattering it against a wall. Shoemaker is one of those rub-you-the-wrong way nut-case disk jockeys.

He's about thirty-five, thin with scraggly hair and a terrible complexion.

SHOEMAKER
Ho ho! Another one bites the dust. Jesus, did that song suck or what! Fear not. Be here in another hour and we'll have yet another "disco execution." This is Johnny Shoemaker, the heart breaker and earth quaker keeping America safe for true music lovers. Let's check to see how the "Z Z TOP Beard-Pulling Marathon" is going!

Shoemaker jams a cassette into a machine and flips a button. The tape rolls: DOINK -- OUCH! DOINK -- YA-A-A-A! DOINK -- A-A-RGH! These silly sounds go on for a few seconds and then continue in the background as a hyperactive voice cuts in:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Well, Johnny we've been here for the last sixteen hours...
(DOINK -- OUCH!)
... pulling ZZ Top's beard hairs out one at a time...
(DOINK -- JEEZ!)
... and the action is just as exiting as it was when we started.
(DOINK -- ERG!)
Back to you, Johnny!

After one last DOINK -- YIKES!, Shoemaker turns off the tape and goes back to his mike:

SHOEMAKER
Well we'll stay on top of any new developments there, but for now let's play some real rock and roll to keep everyone in the right mood.

He punches a button on a compact disk player and a ROCK SONG starts to play. Shoemaker turns down his monitors a bit just as Ford Fairlane pops his head in the door.

FORD
Johnny Shoemaker?

SHOEMAKER
In living color.

Ford comes in and offers the DeeJay his hand.

FORD
Ford Fairlane. Hi.

SHOEMAKER
(not taking his hand)
No thanks. I use toilet paper. Hyuck, hyuck.

This guy irritates Ford already.

SHOEMAKER
Ford Fairlane, huh? Yeah, I knew your dad -- Chevy Nova. Hyuck, hyuck. So you're a dick, huh?

FORD
No, YOU'RE a dick.

There is a beat of silence followed by:

SHOEMAKER
Hyuck, hyuck. Great, great. I love this guy. The nutty detective.

Shoemaker pops two more compact disks into two other machines and punches a few buttons.

SHOEMAKER
There. We got eight minutes now.

He pulls out a snapshot and gives it to Ford. It's a picture of a cute blonde girl: Lisa from the opening scene. She's dressed in a mini-skirt, blowing us a "hello" kiss, and -- oh, those eyes. Ford is noticeably taken.

FORD
Nice.

SHOEMAKER
My daughter -- Lisa. I need you to find her.

FORD
She's lost?

SHOEMAKER
Sort of. She's a groupie. Been hanging around music bozos. I haven't seen her for weeks. She's only eighteen -- I'm worried.

FORD
Really?

SHOEMAKER
Hey, man. I didn't want the kid, but at twenty my primary concern wasn't exactly birth control, if you know what I mean. And since the old lady popped off couple years back, she's kinda my responsibility.

FORD
Kinda?

SHOEMAKER
She thinks it's really cool to party down with these rock and roll jerks. That all this music shit is hip. Well, it's not. It gets old really fast. I know. Will you help me?

FORD
No.

Ford turns to leave.

SHOEMAKER
I understand you have trouble when it comes to payment -- a new dishwasher doesn't exactly pay the bills, no matter who gives it to you.

FORD
I really don't like you.

He hands Ford an envelope. Ford opens it -- it's full of bills.

SHOEMAKER
That's two thousand dollars -- CASH.- About three weeks work. You find her in three minutes and you still get it all. Whatta ya say?

FORD
I say two thousand dollars is a lot of money for a simple lost and found case.

SHOEMAKER
Come on. It's just an eighteen-year-old girl. How much trouble can that be?

From the look on Ford's face we can see that it could mean a lot of trouble. But he could really use the money.

FORD
I need some details.

SHOEMAKER
Alright. Got a pencil and paper?

FORD
No, I tattoo my notes.

SHOEMAKER
Tattoo, hyuck, hyuck. You kill me.

FORD
I'd like to.

SHOEMAKER
Hyuck, hyuck..stop. There's a bunch of places she could be -- The Hard Rock, Dirt Box, Palace. She doesn't have any credit cards or anything so she must be latched onto someone.

Ford starts to pocket the envelope. But Shoemaker snatches it away from him. He pulls out a couple of twenties and shoves them at Ford. Ford holds back a sneer.

SHOEMAKER
Payday is after you get her.

Shoemaker plops back down in his chair and starts punching buttons.

SHOEMAKER
Back to the grind. Stay tuned when you drive -- if I think of anything special you should know I'll broadcast a secret message.

FORD
I have a car phone.

SHOEMAKER
Car phone?! I control the airwaves,-man -- might as well use 'em!
(into microphone)
Yee-hah! You're rockin' the house down with Johnny Shoemaker. Let's just see how the Ozzie Ozborn chicken choking contest is going.

Shoemaker reaches for a cassette as Ford makes a quick exit.

25 INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT 25

Ford walks down the corridor stuffing the new bills in his pocket. In his way are two men: an Engineer, DON JUDKINS, red beard, blue jeans, techie type -- and an older man dressed in a business suit. The man in the suit is JACK MAXWELL -- about fifty-five, but looks forty -- very dapper and very amiable.

Judkins waves Ford down.

JUDKINS
Ford Fairlane! What are you doing here?

FORD
Hey, Don-o. Just snooping around.

JUDKINS
On the job as always. Here -- meet Jack Maxwell, big time record producer. The Crushers, Cheap Trick -- he handled Bobby Sludge.

FORD
I was sorry to hear about him...

MAXWELL
You wouldn't be related to the late Andrew Fairlane, would you?

FORD
He was my dad.

MAXWELL
I want to tell you, as studio musicians go, he was one of the best. And one of the kindest men I ever met. He is truly missed.

FORD
Thank you very much. Well, if you'll excuse me...

MAXWELL
Nice meeting you, Mr. Fairlane.

JUDKINS
See you around, Ford.

Ford continues down the hallway, turns a corner to the front door and --

-- BAP! -- bumps into someone leaning against a wall. It's a PUNK ROCKER: yellow Mohawk, eyeliner, chain necklace -- and he's wearing a BUSINESS SUIT. Ford gives him a once-over, then:

FORD
Nice suit.

The Business Punker nods "thanks" as Ford heads for the door.

CUT TO:

26 INT. FORD'S MUSTANG - NIGHT 26

Ford has another parking ticket in his hand -- tosses it in the glove compartment. He starts the car and tunes in his radio. Disgusting FARTING noises emanate loudly:

SHOEMAKER (ON RADIO)
(BLA-A-A-AT!)
Ho ho! Gotta keep away from the chili, man. Hey, you wouldn't believe who I just saw walking around in the hallways -- Mr. Jack Maxwell, producer extraordinaire. Maybe we can drag him in here and have a few words about the tragic snuffing of Bobby Sludge.
(MORE)

SHOEMAKER (CONT'D)
In the mean time let's start up four in a row with the latest from Don Henley...
(BLA-A-A-AT!)
Ho jeez -- I just killed the engineer.

Ford sneers and pulls out the car. A ROCK SONG BLASTS -- and will continue and take us through:

27 MONTAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS AND SCENES 27

Ford looks for Lisa:

A) FORD DRIVES

through the sights of Hollywood: The Comedy Store -- Roxy -- Tower Records -- billboards -- lights -- music.

B) FORD SHOWS

Lisa's picture around. He visits bars and clubs -- and everyw he goes he fits in. People know him -- they say "hi" to him -- but they don't recognize Lisa.

C) IN THE MUSTANG

Ford crosses a name from a list of bars, clubs, and concert halls rubber banded to his visor. A familiar voice breaks in on his radio:

SHOEMAKER (ON RADIO)
... with a hamster! Yikes. Anyway, you're rocking the night away with Johnny Shoemaker, your headacher and butt shaker, and I have a special message for a very new friend who I hope is listening: a babe in the hand is worth cash in an envelope -- so do it to it! Here's another one from...

D) OUTSIDE THE HARD ROCK CAFE

Ford shows the photo to people in line. A pastel Cadillac looms from above -- actually imbedded in the roof of the build

E) IN A ROWDY COUNTRY BAR

Ford is right in the middle of a BRAWL. He dodges punches and flying beer bottles as a WAITRESS ducks by. Ford sm..es at her -- turns -- sees another bottle heading straight for his head and --

-- SNATCH -- Ford's hand snaps up from nowhere and grabs it in mid-air. He politely puts the bottle on the Waitress's tray, winks at her, and escapes out a side door.

F) THE NIGHT

goes on while Ford Fairlane works in his element. Street corners, discos, auditoriums, backstage, and almost on stage as he does a job he looks like he was born to do.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

28 INT. FORD'S CAR - NIGHT 28

Ford crosses another name off the list -- about four or five left now. A SONG ENDS as Johnny Shoemaker hits the airwaves once more:

SHOEMAKER (ON RADIO)
Yow! Shock therapy for everyone after that one! Okay, folks, my time is almost up so don't forget to tune in tomorrow for the top ten tunes to titillate and truncate the top of your tete to your tibia -- even though I'm not sure what any of that is supposed to mean. Keep it clean and if you can't then make it as dirty as possible and I'll be .... GA-A-A-R-A-A!

-- and the radio suddenly bursts with a tremendous STATIC noise as Shoemaker starts to SHRIEK and YELL in what seems like hideous pain --

SHOEMAKER (ON RADIO)
Oh fucking shit my Christ -- He-e-e-e-lp me-e-e-e!
(BUZZ CRACKLE FUTZ)
Fairla-a-a-a-a-ane! WHA-A-A-A-A!

-- Shoemaker's voice shudders spasmodically as SPUTTERING sounds continue and we start hearing grotesque GURGLING noises.

Then there's nothing but SILENCE. We hear something KNOCKED OVER -- a SHOUT -- some rustling -- then PANICKY VOICES --

A VOICE (ON RADIO)
... what the. Holy shit...

ANOTHER VOICE (ON RADIO)
Get someone over...

VOICE (ON RADIO)
Shut up and cut the feed off!

SILENCE again -- then a TUNE starts up in the middle.

Ford frowns -- doesn't know what the hell is going on.

FORD
What the hell is going on?

He suddenly cranks the wheel HARD TO THE LEFT.

29 EXT. STREET - THE MUSTANG 29

makes a very bitchen' U-TURN in the middle of traffic and --

-- CRASH! -- a BUICK smashes violently into the rear end of the screeching Mustang -- stopping it dead in its tracks.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 30

POLICE CARS are here as Ford's newly-dented Mustang pulls up.

CUT TO:

31 INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT 31

Ford walks up to a doorway -- a Cop, OFFICER CROW, is guarding the entrance to the main booth. OTHER COPS, DETECTIVES, and POLICE PEOPLE zip back and forth.

FORD
My name is Ford Fairlane, I'm a private investigator.

Ford starts to go in, Crow stops him.

OFFICER CROW
I'm sorry, sir. I can't let anyone pass.

FORD
So give me a "D-minus"...

Ford makes for the door again -- Crow holds him back. A sarcastic voice rings out:

LT. HOFFMAN (O.S.)
Go ahead, Officer Crow... Let him in...

Ford and Crow turn to see LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HOFFMAN -- large and beefy, not the most pleasant of expressions, about forty-two. The Lieutenant's face brightens demonically:

LT. HOFFMAN
Well, well, well. If it isn't Ford Fairlane, the famous Rock and Roll Detective. What luck! Crow, did I ever tell you about the Anselmo Pederasty Case?

Crow shakes his head "no" as Ford gives a "not again" sigh.

LT. HOFFMAN
(sarcastic)
This guitarist gets killed, see? So we're ineptly bungling our way through the case -- as usual -- when this man -- this master of deduction -- this "gum of all shoes" -- ignoring the completely ridiculous and hindering laws of the state -- this man solves the case, as a favor to us. Without our asking him. Mr. Fairlane -- on behalf of the entire city of Los Angeles: thank you -- thank you, Ford Fairlane. God bless you.

FORD
Bad day, Bill?

LT. HOFFMAN
Now that you're here, Ford, it can only get better. I suppose you're gonna want to see the "scene of the crime." Right this way.

As he follows Hoffman into the booth, Ford explains to Crow:

FORD
Tight shorts.

32 INT. RADIO BOOTH 32

Commotion -- quick discussions -- some confusion -- and Johnny Shoemaker's body slumped over his console, looking just a tad on the "fried" side.

LT. HOFFMAN
Here we are, Ford. Don't let us get in the way. Take a look around.

Hoffman's sarcastic histrionics suddenly turn into real anger:

LT. HOFFMAN
But if you touch anything, I will personally cut off your dick and make SOUP! You got two minutes!

Ford winces as Hoffman drops back into a corner of the room and picks up a cup of coffee. He rants on as Ford turns to a friendlier face: the Coroner -- RALPH HICKEY, balding, bifocals, always sweating just a little bit.

FORD
Hey, Ralphy.

RALPH
Hi, Ford. Welcome to the barbecue.

Ford looks closely at Shoemaker's body. A charred hand grips a burnt microphone.

Wires hang from the mike -- it was obviously the source of a tremendous electrical discharge. ASSISTANTS are picking through the body's pockets.

FORD
Jesus Christ.

RALPH
No, Johnny Shoemaker.

FORD
In living color. Hyuck, hyuck.

RALPH
Yup, there's a lot more power than you might think in one of these boards. A crossed wire, the wrong fuse -- and FOOMP! -- instant crispy critters.

Ford sees something off to the side of the console -- he looks closer.

It's a 45 RPM RECORD SLEEVE -- plain white paper with some handwriting: the name ART MOONEY, preceded by a drawn STAR.

Ford checks to see if anybody's looking -- they're not. He quickly grabs and pockets the record sleeve.

RALPH
Of the four thousand or so listeners that heard him die on the air, only two called in, and both were song requests. Were you working for this guy?

FORD
Yeah. I was.

An Assistant pulls an envelope from the body. It's the one full of Ford's cash. Ford watches forlornly as the Assistant puts the envelope into an evidence bag.

ASSISTANT #1
One white envelope -- cash inside -- looks like a couple of grand.

ASSISTANT #2
The bag boys are downstairs.

RALPH
Good. Sorry, Ford. Kinda looks like your case is closed.

FORD
Yeah -- sure does.

Hoffman sneaks up behind Ford.

LT. HOFFMAN
Oh no! Can it really be? Say it isn't so! Ford Fairlane doesn't solve a case? I must be dreaming.

FORD
No, Bill, I was dreaming. And you were there. And so was Ralph. All of you were there. Oh, there's no place like home.

LT. HOFFMAN
Exactly, so go there, will you? The man's dead. Case closed.

CUT TO:

33 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 33

Ford is dumping the contents of his pockets on a desk. Next to the desk is a waste basket. Keys, coins, matches, Lisa's picture -- Ford looks at the teenager's snapshot. He sighs and throws it in the waste basket.

Ford dumps more stuff: more matches, cigarettes, a napkin with writing on it. Ford crumples it and gives it a toss.

There's one more thing left in his pocket. Ford pulls out that record sleeve with the writing. He looks at it: Art Mooney -- marked with a star. He chucks it in the trash.

Ford steps into the middle of the room. He looks around -- doesn't see something he wants. He looks under the cushions of the couch. He looks under the couch itself. He checks a few shelves.

Finally he walks over and turns the television on direct from the set. MTV sputters on. Ford sits down and silently watches as a song plays...

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN 34

No one's around. We hear SCREECHING noises from the bedroom and the sound of Ford's VOICE. Our SHOT MOVES to:

35 INT. FORD'S BEDROOM 35

Ford is seated at the foot of his bed with that old guitar. It's not hooked up to an amp right now, so we just hear the strumming of the strings.

Ford is singing. His vocals aren't too bad -- but his guitar playing is AWFUL. He tries very hard to hit chords, stopping and starting all the way.

FORD
(singing)
...and she's buy...
(STRUM -- yuck)
... buying a...
(STRUM -- please stop)
... a stairway to heaven...

He hits a final painful chord and stops. He doesn't act frustrated -- the entire process seems to relax him.

Ford looks up -- light coming through the windows. He raises his eyebrows as if to say: "oh, that's the sun." Ford yawns.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. FORD'S BEDROOM - DAY 36

Starting CLOSE on the DIGITAL CLOCK. It reads 3:51 PM. We pull back to see Ford's body in a familiar position -- buried head under a pillow. Nothing happens for a moment.

Then the DOORBELL rings. Ford remains motionless. There is a KNOCKING -- then the DOORBELL again. Ford MOANS and sticks his head out from under the pillow looking very turtle-like.

37 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM 37

Someone KNOCKS again. Ford slowly putters in, smacking the cobwebs out of his mouth. He passes the mammoth stereo system, goes to the door and opens it.

A woman stands impatiently at the doorway. Behind her in the street we see a blue limousine and a driver. The woman: COLLEEN SUTTON -- in her early forties, jet black hair, very attractive and wearing her checking account on her sleeve. By the instant look of repulsion on her face we can see that she belongs to a class of people that wouldn't be caught dead in a house like this, let alone Venice itself.

The sight of Ford Fairlane in his boxer shorts causes Colleen's eyebrow to raise slightly. Ford doesn't seem to give a shit.

COLLEEN
Ford Fairlane?

FORD
(raspy voice)
Yup. That's me.

COLLEEN
My name is Colleen Sutton. I found your card in my brother's possessions. We need to talk.

FORD
Your brother?

COLLEEN
Johnny Shoemaker.

Now Ford raises an eyebrow.

FORD
Come on in.

Colleen carefully steps into the room looking like she might catch something merely by touching any part of it. Ford waddles into the kitchen for a second -- leaving her a moment to disdainfully examine her surroundings.

Ford comes back wearing a ratty kimono-type robe and holding a jug of orange juice.

FORD
So you're telling me that an obviously rich high society dame like you and a wig-out deejay like Shoemaker come from the same gene pool?

COLLEEN
We're related, yes. Lovely place. Who is your decorator?

FORD
Some fag. Charged me up the ass. Juice?

And before Mrs. Sutton has a chance to refuse --

INCREDIBLY LOUD MUSIC fills the room. Colleen jumps like a frightened deer. Ford is unaffected. He slowly walks over to the music system and turns off his alarm.

The MUSIC cuts out. Ford grabs his pack of cigarettes off the speaker and lights up. Colleen attempts to regain her composure.

COLLEEN
Jesus Christ.

FORD
No, Van Halen.

COLLEEN
Aren't detectives supposed to have offices?

Ford sighs.

CUT TO:

38 INT. RAE'S DINER - DAY 38

as a plate of eggs is plopped down in front of Ford Fairlane. Ford grins at the WAITRESS -- she chomps her gum and winks back. Colleen is cringing.

FORD
You sure you don't want anything to eat? Special deal this week. A free breakfast with each new case.

COLLEEN
Thank you, no.

FORD
Mrs. Sutton, let me guess. You want me to find out who killed your brother.

COLLEEN
Well... yes. How did you know?

FORD
Ma'am, I grew up in a recording studio, and I never saw anyone get electrocuted by a microphone. Plus, no big-time radio station's gonna let their equipment fall apart like that. Besides, why else would you be here?

COLLEEN
So you'll take the case?

FORD
Well, no. As crazy as it looks, it still could be an accident. And if it isn't, then we're dealing with pros here, and I don't want to get involved.

COLLEEN
I thought private investigators were rugged men of action, ready for adventure.

FORD
Problem is: adventure means hassle, physical pain, and death -- all of these things I'm not too keen on.

COLLEEN
Are you "keen" on money, Mr. Fairlane?

Colleen pulls out a thick envelope. Ford makes an "oh, no, not again" expression.

COLLEEN
This envelope holds fifty one hundred dollar bills. That's five thousand dollars -- cash. I should think that would be enough to procure your services.

FORD
And I suppose I don't get any of it until I solve the case.

COLLEEN
No. You may have it all now.

Ford's interest has grow exponentially. She hands him the envelope.

FORD
Um... okay... I can have it now?... Okay. Tell me everything you can about your brother.

COLLEEN
Mr. Fairlane, as children, my brother and I were each other's best friend. We shared everything, including our dreams: I wanted to be a ballerina, he wanted to be a rock star. Well, time passed, and we grew up, and I discovered that having wealthy parents meant your dreams were not your own. This was unacceptable to Johnny, and when he was eighteen, he left home. He was a brash determined man.

FORD
He was an asshole.

COLLEEN
Yes. He was. But how I envied him. Needless to say, the family disowned him and forbid any contact. His name would pop up now and then, but that was the last time I ever saw or heard from him. Until... this.

FORD
So you have no idea where he lived, who his friends were...?

COLLEEN
None.

FORD
Do you know someone named Art Mooney?

COLLEEN
Art Mooney? No.

FORD
Mrs. Sutton, before his death, your brother had hired me to find his daughter -- your niece, I would assume.

COLLEEN
Mr. Fairlane... I don't know much about Johnny, but I do know this: He had no children.

Ford stares at the remnants of his breakfast.

FORD
Case opened... I guess.

CUT TO:

39 INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - DAY 39

We're in the "information retrieval" area. Rows of computer consoles, rattling printers, typists punching away.

"GABRIELE JASERBOUSKI" reads the name plate on the desk of one of those typists. She's in her mid-twenties, pretty blue eyes, glasses, pageboy haircut -- not exactly beautiful, but definitely cute. Right now she is wrestling with some kind of computer problem -- her brow wrinkles adorably as she concentrates. She hits a key -- she pouts.

A body slips up behind her and a hand dangles a "Three Musketeers Bar" in front her face. She smiles instantly.

FORD
Hey, hey, Jazz. How's my favorite computer nerd?

JAZZ
Hey, Fairlane.

She grabs the candy bar -- Ford sits down on the edge of her desk. He's at ease -- obviously likes being with her.

JAZZ
Okay. What do you want?

FORD
Just a little information.

JAZZ
Oh, that's a relief. I though you might have just come by to say hi.

FORD
Jazz, honey. You know that's always my main reason.

JAZZ
Sure, sure.

FORD
I need the full on info dump for Johnny Shoemaker. And his sister -- Colleen Sutton. Oh yeah, and see what you can get me on a guy named Art Mooney.

JAZZ
You know you can get all that by filling out a UCC-11 down at the county clerk's office.

FORD
But why should I do that when I have you? Besides, that costs five bucks -- and you're much more thorough.

A phone on Jazz's desk RINGS and Ford instantly picks it up.

FORD
Yello.

He suddenly pulls the receiver away from his ear as painful noises blurt out of it: SCRE-E-E-E-E! BUZZ! SHSHSHSH!

JAZZ
That's for me.

FORD
I hope you speak static.

She takes the phone and puts it in a modem cradle -- two cups that fit over each end of the phone, all hooked up to her computer.

JAZZ
It's telecommunications. Some computer across town wants to chat with mine.

FORD
That's very sociable of it. Anyway, speaking of computers...

JAZZ
This is going to cost you.

FORD
Hey, dinner's on me.

JAZZ
Hey, you already owe me five.

FORD
You know I'm good for it...

Ford picks up her hand and holds it close to his chest. Jazz actually BLUSHES a bit.

FORD
Jazz, it's really important.

She stares into his eyes for a few embarrassing beats -- then snaps out of it.

JAZZ
Alright.

FORD
That's my girl. Try me in the car first, then at home. Gotta go.

Ford bolts away quickly. Jazz sighs and turns back to her computer screen. She stares daydreamily -- not thinking of work at all.

CUT TO:

40 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATE DAY 40

We start close on KAI GILBERT -- up and coming singer/guitarist working on his debut album. Gilbert is a very young pretty-boy type -- the kind meant for teenage girls to discover their sexuality with.

With him are a number of STUDIO MUSICIANS: a RHYTHM GUITARIST, BASS PLAYER, KEYBOARDIST, and DRUMMER. They're all professionals -- good at what they're doing -- and they're trying their best to make something out of the song they're playing. But the tune is pretty rotten, Gilbert's lead guitar playing fairly uneventful -- and his vocals are channeled through enough sound processors to cover up the fact that it's not too hot either.

We PAN over to see the MIXING BOOTH behind a large window of glass.

41 INT. MIXING BOOTH 41

Don Judkins -- the techie guy Ford talked to at the radio station -- is engineering the album. He has an ASSISTANT MIXER at the board next to him. MUSIC plays on the monitors as buttons and dials are adjusted. Ford Fairlane is also inside watching the band play -- a fairly appalled expression on his face.

FORD
Just who IS this guy?

DON
Arista's latest "discovery."

FORD
Blech.
(shakes his head)
So, Don-o. What can you tell me about Johnny Shoemaker?

DON
He's dead.

FORD
Dead? Really? Thanks, Don. Didn't know that. Well, I'll be seeing you.

DON
What do you want me to tell you?

FORD
Anything. Who'd want to kill him?

DON
What, this week? The guy got on a lot of people's nerves.

Gilbert is wrestling with a rather complicated guitar rift -- the Keyboardist is trying to cover with an overblown background sound.

FORD
You mean this geek here's got a contract and everything?

DON
Signed and sealed.

FORD
Hey, does the name Art Mooney ring any bells?

DON
No. Who is he?

FORD
Don't know. How about where Shoemaker lived? I could only find a P.O. box.

DON
Oh yeah, the secret love pad -- Chez Tacky. He kept this place above the Rip Chord. You know, that club downtown.

Gilbert BANGS a horrible note and wails pitifully. Ford winces in pain -- then:

FORD
I can't take this anymore...

42 INT. STUDIO 42

Ford bursts through the door. Everyone stops playing. In the booth we can see Don laugh to himself -- he doesn't care. Ford is livid:

FORD
Guys, guys. Ya gotta stop this.

GILBERT
What's goin' on?

FORD
You're murdering rock and roll, that's what's going on. This is not rock and roll. Rock and roll is... is... Booker T. Buddy Holly.
(MORE)

FORD (CONT'D)
The Stones. Calvin Carter. It's... it's...

Ford starts SNAPPING his fingers -- looking around -- SNAP SNAP -- Kai Gilbert frowns -- SNAP SNAP -- a couple of the band members nod -- SNAP SNAP --

FORD
I got a '65 Cadillac...
(SNAP SNAP)
Spare tire on the back...
(the BASS player jumps in -- BUM BUM)
Charge card to Goldblatts...
(SNAP SNAP)
But I ain't got you.

Gilbert pouts -- The Drummer KICKS IN.

FORD
I got women to the right of me...
I got women to the left of me...
I got chicks all around me...
But I ain't got you.

The Rhythm Guitarist and Keyboardist join the jam. The band is heating up -- playing louder -- Don and his assistant are bopping their heads to the beat.

FORD
I got a tavern,
A liquor store,
I hit the number 444,
I got a mo-jo,
Don't you know,
(guitar TWANG)
I'm all dressed up with no place to go.

Ford is really playing this up -- dancing and rocking, rhythm and blues:

FORD
I gotta a pocket full of crumpled bills,
I gotta a stomach full of different pills,
I got Fanny Fox and Wilba Mills,
But I ain't got you.

The band suddenly kicks into a ROUSING INSTRUMENTAL BREAK of Calvin Carter's "I Ain't Got You." Ford grabs the mike stand and rocks out with it as the song goes wild -- the studio musicians proving that they're the best at what they do -- loud and fun -- fast and furious --

Rock and roll.

FORD
But I ain't got you...

THE BAND
But I ain't got you...

FORD
No, I ain't got you...

THE BAND
No, I ain't got you...

FORD
I said, I ain't got you...

THE BAND
I said, I ain't got you...

FORD
I ain't -- got -- you.

-- and with a quick wave, everyone CUTS OUT. Ford turns to a very put-off Kai Gilbert and grins.

FORD
Now that's music.

He spins around to the door. The Band gratefully waves good-bye as he heads for:

43 INT. MIXING BOOTH 43

Ford whisks through -- nods to Don:

FORD
Have a copy of that sent to me, will ya?

Don cracks up as Ford makes a flamboyant exit.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. DOWNTOWN INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT 44

Nothing but run-down warehouses save for a small neon sign -- RIP CORD -- with an arrow pointing down a stairway.

45 INT. RIP CHORD - NIGHT 45

An underground (literally) shock rock club that looks like someone used the inside of a small intestine as the basis for its design. PEOPLE here are punked out, spaced out, zoned out -- just plain out. There is a PUNK BAND playing on stage as Ford Fairlane walks in.

He skirts the edges of the walls -- dodges some flaying dancers -- checks out the band -- walks past the bar --

-- and finds a stairway going UP.

46 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 46

Dark and gloomy. Ford approaches a door -- but it's already OPENED a crack.

Ford stops -- he doesn't like this at all.

47 INT. SHOEMAKER'S PLACE 47

And yup, somebody's already been here. Furniture turned over, posters ripped, drawers opened.

This does not please Ford a whole lot. He looks around warily and lets out a long "hm-m-m-m-m." He decides to start his own search. Ford examines a desk, checks the drawers -- nothing. He looks at an overturned couch -- sticks his hand through a rip in the base. All he pulls out is a baseball-size wad of dust. He looks behind a picture. Nope. He goes into:

48 INT. SHOEMAKER'S BATHROOM 48

and discovers new species of slime. Ford lifts the cover of the toilet bowl tank. He finds a little baggie of grass -- the kind you smoke. Ford tosses it.

Ford looks at a mirror mounted firmly against a wall -- checks his hair. Then he finds a towel and wraps it around his hand. BASH! -- he breaks the glass. He carefully pulls out some pieces of mirror, looking behind them. Nothing hidden back here. Ford heads for:

49 INT. SHOEMAKER'S KITCHEN 49

Ford grabs a box of cereal -- digs around in it -- finds a little plastic ring. Don't need that -- toss. He opens the oven. Nothing but grease.

50 INT. SHOEMAKER'S BEDROOM 50

Ford steps in. And now we know what Don was talking about. Hearts on the walls, hearts on the rugs, lotions et al near the heart-shaped bed -- the mattress ripped up, of course. And a big heart-shaped mirror over the bed, held up by three bed-posts. Ford looks at himself in the ceiling mirror.

FORD
What an incredible cheese-ball.

Ford moves to the bed-side table. Next to some candles and incense and bottles of LUV-OIL and ERECT-O-GEL sits a Panasonic Easa-phone with memory for one-button dialing. At the top of the phone is a window for time and number display -- and a redial button.

Ford takes out a handkerchief, his pad and a pencil -- and using the handkerchief lifts the receiver from its cradle. Then using the pencil eraser he hits the redial button.

As the phone dials the last number it remembers, the window displays it.

Ford copies the number down and hangs up before anyone has time to answer on the other end. Then:

Ford goes to a closet and opens the door. And there's a SMILING GUY IN A HAWAIIAN SHIRT standing inside. Ford quickly CLOSES THE DOOR --

-- and KA-BLAM! -- the Smiling Guy opens it -- by kicking it off its hinges, sending it across the room -- and out a window on the opposite wall. Meet SMILEY: He's big, muscular, and looks mean -- even with that damn smile of his which never leaves his face.

FORD
Wait, what did you, um, you didn't use just your foot to do that, right?

SWOOSH -- Smiley's right fist zips at Ford's head --

-- and SWOOP SLAP! -- Ford's left hand whips up out of nowhere and GRABS the fist in mid-air. Ford frowns.

FORD
Okay. This is how it works...

and CRUNCH -- Smiley PUNCHES Ford across the jaw with his LEFT fist.

Ford Fairlane suddenly learns to fly -- backwards, that is. CRASH! -- his body careens into a dresser and tumbles to the ground.

Ford bolts up -- Smiley slowly approaches -- Ford cocks his fist -- CRACK! -- Smiley lays it on him again.

Ford SMACKS to the floor -- here comes that grinning guy -- Ford KICKS OUT with two feet and WHAPS both of Smiley's kneecaps. He tumbles back a bit -- still standing.

Ford leaps up -- runs straight at him -- tackles him. THUD -- they both land on the bed -- Smiley on top of Ford -- the mirror loosening from the impact -- FALLING --

SMASH! -- shards of heart-shaped mirror dance all over Smiley's back.

Ford gingerly crawls out of the bed -- relieved. It's all over. Isn't it? His colorfully dressed assailant starts to rise -- smiling.

FORD
This is not a good thing.

51 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 51

Ford's flying again -- this time out the door. BOOM! -- he hits the wall -- bounces back -- staying miraculously on his feet.

Smiley tromps out of the apartment door -- goes for Ford. Ford belts him in the gut rapidly -- FOOMP FOOMP FOOMP! Smiley grunts a bit -- grabs Ford by the collars -- THROWS him down the stairs.

52 INT. RIP CHORD - AT STAIRS 52

LOUD MUSIC assaults us as Ford is assaulted by Smiley. PUNCH PUNCH -- Ford lands on the bar.

Ford moans -- grabs a BOTTLE -- FLINGS it at Smiley. CRASH -- it misses. Ford thinks about his next tactic for a millisecond, then decides.

He RUNS.

But there are DANCERS in the way -- can't get around. He runs another direction -- Smiley right behind him.

53 AT THE STAGE 53

the BAND PLAYS ON. Ford Fairlane bursts up onto the stage -- about three feet of a leap. Smiley is behind him on the floor.

Ford GRABS THE GUITAR out of the GUITARIST'S hands.

FORD
Wanna see my "Who" impression?

He turns to Smiley and CRACKS the electric guitar over his body:

SMASH-TWA-A-A-A-ANG! Smiley DROPS to the ground with a THUD. The Band PLAYS ON.

Ford looks at the guitar -- it's in pieces. He turns to the Guitarist and hands the instrument back to him -- a sheepish grin on his face:

FORD
That was Pete Townsend. Sorry about the guitar.

GUITARIST
Don't worry about that -- worry about him.

The Guitarist is pointing BEHIND Ford. Ford turns.

And Smiley is BACK ON HIS FEET. Smiling, of course.

Smiley pulls Ford's feet out from under him -- SWOOP THUD! -- Ford hits the raised stage -- Smiley drags him off of it --

SMACK -- Ford hits the dance floor -- twists to his back -- and frees his legs. No matter, Smiley grabs Ford's chest and lifts him to his feet --

Just then a LARGE BOUNCER steps up angrily.

LARGE BOUNCER
Okay, you dick-heads. Why don't you take this outside?

Smiley turns to the Large Bouncer -- and without letting go of Ford --

BAP BAP BAP BAP! -- takes him out with four lightening-fast blows. The Large Bouncer hits the dirt.

Smiley turns back to Ford. Grins.

SMILEY
You heard the man. Let's take this outside.

54 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 54

Ford FLIES out of a side exit. (He's getting real good at it, too.) CRASH! -- he falls into a bunch of garbage cans.

And here comes that jovial man in the Hawaiian shirt.

Ford struggles to his feet as Smiley walks up to him -- and then just stands there -- smiling. Ford teeters:

FORD
Had enough?

BAP! -- Smiley pops Ford in the chin. Ford falls on his back -- tries to get up -- it ain't gonna happen.

Smiley moves around behind Ford's head. He kneels -- putting his right knee into Ford's right shoulder. His other knee turns Ford's head to the left, exposing his neck.

FORD
Whatever you're being paid, I can give you twenty, maybe thirty bucks more.

Smiley laughs as he places his thumb behind Ford's earlobe right at Ford's jawline. This hurts -- a lot.

SMILEY
Feel my thumb? I keep it there forty seconds more and a welt develops cutting off the oxygen to your brain. I leave. Sixteen minutes later, you're dead. Slow and painful.

FORD
Okay. You have my attention.

SMILEY
Listen. Job over. Case closed. You're finished.

That last line scares the hell out of Ford. He is watching his life pass before his eyes in a disgusting downtown alley -- and he doesn't like it.

FORD
You got it.

SMILEY
Got what?

FORD
I'm off the case, okay? You won't see me again, okay? Case closed, okay? OKAY?

Smiley removes his thumb. Maybe two seconds to spare. He reaches into Ford's jacket, pulls out his wallet, opens it and takes one of Ford's business cards -- you know, the one's with Ford's address on it. He tosses the wallet onto Ford's chest.

SMILEY
Okay.

Smiley turns around and walks away.

Ford rolls over -- breaths hard. He touches behind his ear -- then his face. Ford winces -- he looks like a recently tenderized steak. He shakes his head.

CUT TO:

55 INT. FORD'S CAR - NIGHT 55

Ford drives holding a "Party Ice" bag to his face. He flips down his visor -- the phone number he found at Shoemaker's pad is strapped there. He grabs his car phone and dials.

COLLEEN (V.O.)
...Hello?...

FORD
Mrs. Sutton?!

56 INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 56

Colleen is preparing for a night on the town -- looking more than a little sexy as she finishes dressing. We INTERCUT between the two of them.

COLLEEN
(surprised)
Mr. Fairlane. Well, you ARE a detective. This is my private number.

FORD
Private number, huh? Mrs. Sutton, why did you lie to me?

COLLEEN
I don't understand.

FORD
I got this number from your brother's apartment. It was the last number he called from there. Yet you tell me you haven't heard from him in years.

COLLEEN
I HAVEN'T heard from him. He called me?

FORD
Yeah, right. Not good enough, lady. This case stinks.

COLLEEN
Mr. Fairlane, please. Not now. I have to be somewhere by eight.

FORD
Where? I'll meet you. We have to talk tonight.

COLLEEN
Fine. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Eight o'clock. Wear a tuxedo.

FORD
Eight o'clock.

Ford hangs up.

FORD
A tuxedo. Terrific.

And that's when the ice bag breaks, sending ice and water down Ford's shirt and into his lap. On his cursing we:

CUT TO:

57 INT. BALLET AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 57

We start on DANCERS wearing tights that leave nothing to the imagination as they prance about the stage. We PAN to Colleen Sutton, gorgeous, the picture of dazzling elegance. Sitting next to her is Ford, bruised, the picture of leftover meatloaf. He wears an astoundingly wrinkled tuxedo. The following is spoken entirely in WHISPERS:

FORD
Do those guys stuff socks down there- or what?

BALLET PATRON
Shh.

COLLEEN
(on Ford's bruises)
You look terrible.

FORD
Thanks. Listen, you were right. Your brother Johnny was murdered. Probably by the same guy who tried to kill me tonight.

COLLEEN
My God. Thank heavens you got away.

FORD
I didn't get away, he let me go. He told me if I dropped the case, I could live, and I like living. I'm almost good at it.
(re: the ballet)
Whoa! That man is a human tripod.

BALLET PATRON
Shh.

COLLEEN
So what's the next step?

FORD
There is no next step, lady. I'm outta here.

COLLEEN
I don't understand. If it's a question of more money, I'll be happy to --

FORD
Money ain't gonna solve this problem. But I will tell you this... That guy gets an erection -- gives himself a black eye. I mean, you can see him coming 'round a corner and still have time to comb your hair.

BALLET PATRON
Will you please be QUIET.

FORD
(to Colleen)
He'll be telling that joke tomorrow.

And as the audience APPLAUDS the end of the first act we:

CUT TO:

58 INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION - NIGHT 58

We're in a hallway off to the side of the main lobby -- quiet enough for Ford and Colleen to talk.

COLLEEN
So because of the hassle and physical pain, you're off the case?

FORD
No. Because you didn't tell me the truth, I'm off the case. I figured I owed you what I'd learned so far. Good-bye, Mrs. Sutton.

Ford starts to head into the lobby.

COLLEEN
Wait! Ford! I swear I don't know anything about the phone call. Johnny must've called when I was out. The servants have strict instructions not to answer my phone. Please. I've told you everything. Please.

Ford stops. Turns. Looks at Colleen.

COLLEEN
Are you off the case?

FORD
Lady, I don't ever drop a case. Ever. I just had to make sure you were telling me everything.

COLLEEN
(coldly)
And are you sure now?

FORD
Hey, lighten up. I'm on your side, okay? Okay?

COLLEEN
Okay.

We FOLLOW Ford and Colleen into the lobby. Here, the upper crust, dressed up for their friends, enjoy their ten minute chance to smoke and drink before returning to hours of art.

COLLEEN
So, is there anything else?

FORD
I don't know, is there?

COLLEEN
No. Nothing. Listen, stay here, I'll be right back.

Colleen leaves as an hors d'oeuvres tray cruises by. Ford grabs something on a toothpick and casually shoves it in his mouth. It is possibly the worst thing he's ever tasted in his life.

MAXWELL (O.S.)
I believe you just put some part of a squid in your mouth.

Ford sadly swallows and turns to see Jack Maxwell.

FORD
Well, I hope it was good for the squid. That had no known taste to me.

MAXWELL
Mr. Fairlane. What brings you to the ballet?

FORD
Jack. I love this. This ballet thing. Me, ballet, big fan. Can't get enough. In fact, I saw Swan Lake a few weeks ago with Art Mooney, maybe you know him.

MAXWELL
Mooney? No, never heard of him.

FORD
Oh, well, big fans, both of us. So, any more news about Bobby Sludge?

MAXWELL
No, nothing. Terrible thing, just terrible. His record sales have gone up, of course. Heh -- that's rock and roll for you.

Colleen steps up between the two of them.

COLLEEN
Jack, nice to see you -- and your contributions.

MAXWELL
Well worth it.

COLLEEN
(to Ford)
Mr. Maxwell's generosity practically pays for the ballet.

FORD
Hopefully not by the inch.

Colleen hands a check to Ford.

FORD
Wait, what's this for?

COLLEEN
After what you've been through tonight, it's the least I can do. Please, I'd feel better.

Ford takes the check -- and pockets it. He backs toward the exit looking at his wrist which, of course, has no watch on it.

FORD
Oh, geez, look at the time. Listen, there's this extremely charming and fairly wealthy woman who has graciously procured my services, so I dare say I must get back to work. Tah-tah.

Ford is now at the door and opens it to leave. As he does a high class COUPLE comes in -- the GENT giving Ford a dollar for his doormanship. Ford shows the dollar to Colleen and Maxwell, wiggles his eyebrows, and leaves.

CUT TO:

59 INT. FORD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 59

Ford is closing his front door. He goes over to the desk and starts dumping his pockets: keys, coins, Colleen's check. Ford takes off his jacket and throws it on the floor. He looks tired.

60 AT COUCH 60

Ford is reaching under the sofa. He pulls out a remote control with a victorious look on his face. He points the remote at the television and pushes the "on" button. A compact disk player behind him turns on and pops out its tray.

Ford sighs and tosses the remote aside. He walks up to the T.V. and turns it on from the set. Ford watches as the "MTV News" finishes up.

VEEJAY (ON T.V.)
In the Bobby Sludge tragedy, police are now saying the rocker was not the victim of a drug overdose, but was murdered.
(Ford sits up)
Traces of poison were found on the head of Sludge's microphone. The funeral will be held tomorrow at the Hollywood Cemetery. So let's pay homage to the late great one himself with his newly released video, "Ticket to Hell."

Ford mouths "wow" to himself as the rock video begins. He lights a cigarette and watches.

Pitchforks, fire, spinning guitars, babes, babes, and more babes.

The screen is filled with mindnumbing images as the SONG blares on. Sludge rocks out in a cave as a particular blonde girl, her back towards us, worships him from below. Sludge picks the girl up and pulls her in his arms. The girl's face turns back to us in ecstasy -- and she looks oddly familiar.

Ford literally JUMPS out of the couch.

61 CLOSE ON FORD 61

as he quickly grabs a VIDEOCASSETTE. We can't see the television anymore as Ford crams the cassette into his VCR and hits "record."

We watch Ford stare intently at the screen lighting his face. He frowns -- then his eyes grow wide. The song ends.

62 ON FORD AND TELEVISION 62

Ford scrambles around on the floor until he finds another remote control. This time it's the right one. He points it at the VCR -- hits "rewind" -- waits a few impatient beats -- then hits "play."

On the screen Sludge is swinging that familiar girl around him. The shots cut back and forth -- close then far. Ford hits the "slow motion" button on his remote. The video continues frame by frame -- a close up of the girl, her hair blocking her face. The hair is slowly moving away as she whips her head around. Her face his revealed -- Ford hits "freeze frame."

It's LISA. Lisa Shoemaker -- or Lisa Who-knows, we should say. Young, blonde, very pretty, and very attached to Bobby Sludge, murdered rock star.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY GATE - THE NEXT DAY 63

Stately columns adorn the entrance to the Cemetery -- and a couple of hundred mournful ROCK AND ROLL FANS push and shove at the gate. They carry signs: "We Love You, Sludge -- Sludgites Unite In Hell -- Rest In Pieces, Sludge."

64 AT THE ENTRANCE 64

CEMETERY GUARDS hold back the throng while a stuffy-looking, British CEMETERY ATTENDANT collects invitations from people dressed in black. A sign reads: "Grounds Closed 4:00-5:30 -- Private Ceremony."

Ford Fairlane makes his way through the crowd -- takes out his wallet -- and approaches the attendant.

FORD
Hi, my name is Fitch Riediger. I'm from Rolling Stone.

Ford shows the attendant his wallet -- in it is a press pass.

ATTENDANT
How charming. Mr. Riediger, may I see your invitation please, suh?

FORD
My invitation? Of course. It's right here.

Ford slaps a hundred dollar bill into the attendant's hand

ATTENDANT
Firstly, suh, your credentials are obviously counterfeit. A spurious article -- this "press pass" of yours -- that could be fabricated better by a three-year-old child with a crayola. And secondly, suh, a Winsleydale... cannot... be... bought.

He hands Ford's money back.

ATTENDENT
Good day to you, suh.

And on Ford's bewildered face we:

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CEMETERY WALL - DAY 65

Ford scowls and looks up at the wall -- about twelve feet high. No way to climb.

Then we hear VOICES nearby. Ford walks down the wall a bit and sees a SLEAZY GUY doing something with TWO GIRLS.

SLEAZY GUY
That's one hundred. Each.

The Two Girls nod -- Sleazy Guy hands them something -- the Girls leave. Ford walks up to him.

SLEAZY GUY
Psst! Got one left. Interested?

FORD
One what?

SLEAZY GUY
Sludge invites. Special deal.

FORD
You gotta be kidding me. You're scalping to a FUNERAL?

SLEAZY GUY
Guy's gotta make a living.

FORD
Okay, how much?

SLEAZY GUY
Three hundred dollars.

FORD
But you gave them to those girls for a hundred!

SLEAZY GUY
It's a seller's market.

FORD
Jesus, what a sleaze.

SLEAZY GUY
Four hundred.

FORD
Come on!

SLEAZY GUY
Take it or leave it.

FORD
Okay, okay. You're just lucky I cashed a check today.

Ford reluctantly hands over some bills.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY 66

Ford confidently approaches our British attendent.

FORD
I say there, old chap. Singeon Brooke-Smythe the fifth, don't you know. Here for the funeral -- ghastly business, wot -- and right on shed-yule, I might say, rahthar, pip pip and all that rot, eh? Oh, you'll probably want my invitation, eh old boy?

Ford licks the invitation and sticks it to the attendant's forehead.

FORD
Good day to you, suh.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. FUNERAL - DAY 67

All manners of PEOPLE dressed in black. A PRIEST mutters from a bible.

Behind the Priest is Sludge's BAND -- sitting quitely with their instruments (drum set and all) -- completely dressed in black leather.

In front of the Priest is a HOLE -- about fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide -- and, of course, six feet deep. It's the grave. There is NO coffin in sight.

Ford Fairlane slips quitely into line with some MOURNERS. And he just happens to be next to studio engineer Don Judkins. Judkins smirks when he sees Ford and WHISPERS:

JUDKINS
Ford Fairlane. How'd you rate an invite to this gig?

FORD
Connections. How about you?

JUDKINS
Maxwell. Actually gave me his.

FORD
What's with the hole? Is the guy being buried in a Winnabego?

JUDKINS
Heh... just wait. Mr. Sludge had some unusual stipulations in his will.

PRIEST
Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. We lay to rest Robert Sludge.

The sound of a HELICOPTER is heard. Everyone seems to be ignoring this fact but Ford. He looks up. A chopper is cruising towards us at about a thousand feet.

The Priest has finished -- the Band picks up their instruments and begins to play a SAD HEAVY METAL SONG (if there is such a thing).

The CHOPPER sounds are louder. The helicopter is positioning itself directly over the open grave. The Band plays LOUDER -- harder -- increasing its intensity.

The Priest crosses himself and BACKS AWAY from the grave.

Then something is DROPPED from the helicopter. It starts out small and indiscernible -- then it grows as it FALLS. It's long and SILVER. The Song is reaching a crescendo.

The silver falling object is some kind of bullet-like COFFIN -- sparkling in the sunlight -- plummeting straight for the OPEN GRAVE.

The drummer bangs out a final roll --

Almost there -- Falling --

-- and CLANG! -- the silver tube hits the ground -- missing the grave by inches -- BOUNCES -- then finally clunks into the hole with a THUD.

The Priest steps back up to the head of the grave. The Keyboardist begins to play simple ORGAN NOTES on his electric piano. Mourners start stepping up to the grave one at a time. Some throw flowers into the hole, some throw wreaths -- one guy throws an entire guitar into the grave. It hits the bottom with a TWANG.

68 ON FORD FAIRLANE 68

He rolls his eyes in amazement. Then, realizing the business at hand, Ford starts to look around.

69 FORD'S P.O.V. 69

as he scans the crowd. People with long hair dressed in black. Young girls dressed in black. A row of guys that look like accountants dressed in black. Some cemetery workers -- and someone standing off to the side next to a tree. We look closer.

It's LISA. She's got a shawl covering her blonde hair and dark sunglasses covering her eyes, but it's definitely her.

70 BACK TO FORD 70

His eyes widen. He starts to snake around the outside of the crowd.

Ford slides up next to Lisa and stands stationary for a beat. She doesn't seem to notice him.

FORD
It's a sad thing.

LISA
He was so good.

And she walks away. Ford slyly starts after her.

71 EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE 71

Lisa is making her way out of the crowd of fans. Ford is right behind, expertly stalking her. Nice legs, a clingy skirt over a real nice ass -- this girl is bringing new meaning to the concept of "tailing."

Then the nice ass stops moving.

Suddenly Lisa BOLTS into the middle of the street. She runs right through the middle of HONKING traffic making a mad dash for the other side.

Ford is taken aback -- she didn't see HIM. He looks down the sidewalk:

Someone's getting out of a black JEEP CHEROKEE and onto the sidewalk. It's SMILEY -- in a different but still Hawaiian shirt.

Now Ford gets it. He runs after Lisa -- across the street. HONK! SCREECH! Ford makes it to the other side -- looks:

Lisa is going around a corner.

Ford runs after her. On the other side of the street Smiley is temporarily held back by stopped cars.

72 AROUND THE CORNER 72

We're with Lisa as she runs. Ford is on her heels.

FORD
Lisa! Wait!

Ford CATCHES her -- spins her around.

LISA
Let go! Take your hands off me!

She starts pummeling Ford with her fists. Ford hangs on.

FORD
I'm not with that guy!

LISA
You're not?

FORD
No. I'm here to help.

Lisa smiles coyly for a second. Then:

LISA
Yeah, sure.

And she SLAMS her knee into Ford's crotch. Ford doubles over and she pulls away. Lisa runs as Ford HOWLS in pain.

73 WITH SMILEY 73

as he dashes through the middle of the street. A CAR screeches to a halt next to him -- the DRIVER screaming obscenities through his closed window.

Smiley PUNCHES the car window -- and it SHATTERS. He continues to the other side of the road.

74 FORD 74

hobbles down the sidewalk. With a WHI-I-I-I-IR a white HONDA ELITE SCOOTER zips out from nowhere -- Lisa at the controls.

75 STREET - WITH SMILEY 75

as he finally makes it to this side of the road just in time to see Lisa ZOOM by. Oops -- now he has to go back the way he came to get to his Jeep. More HONKS -- SCREECHES.

76 WITH FORD - AT MUSTANG 76

He limps up to his parked car. He moans and gets in.

77 AT THE JEEP CHEROKEE 77

Smiley tumbles into his vehicle and instantly peels out -- makes a U-turn -- and pisses off even more motorists.

78 THE STREET - TRAVELLING 78

We follow along with Lisa as she races down the road. She's circling the cemetery -- the high cement wall turning into a high chainlink fence.

Lisa looks behind her -- the Jeep is about a half a block back. She looks forward -- STOPPED CARS IN THE WAY.

Lisa slams on the brakes. There's no room to get between cars.

Meanwhile Ford swerves in and out of traffic. He sees the black Jeep -- punches it even harder.

Lisa looks behind her. The Jeep is stuck three cars back. And there, behind a tree -- a five foot RIP in the chain link cemetery fence. Lisa thinks for a second --

Then she JUMPS the right-hand curb -- HOPS over the sidewalk -- and blasts through the rip in the fence -- BACK INTO THE CEMETERY.

79 INT. MUSTANG 79

Ford watches the Jeep bump onto the sidewalk and then SMASH through the cemetery fence after the scooter. He curses.

80 EXT. STREET 80

The Mustang hops the curb -- drives down the sidewalk -- turns -- goes through the destroyed fence.

81 EXT. CEMETERY 81

We see the Honda, the Jeep, and the Mustang weaving around tombstones like mice in a maze.

The scooter takes a hard right down a row of tombstones.

The Jeep takes that same right -- but is going too fast. It skids, tips -- does a complete tumble (thank God for roll bars), and takes off after the scooter -- but TWO rows over.

Ford slows to take that right -- but not enough. He skids, tips -- and comes back down. He takes off ONE row over.

The three vehicles are all travelling next to each other -- like on a freeway -- except tombstones are the lane dividers.

Ford is between Lisa and the Jeep. He rolls the passenger window down.

FORD
Lisa! Really -- no hard feelings about kicking my nuts or anything. Will you just stop that thing and get in the car?

LISA
Leave me alone!

FORD
Trust me. I'm one of the good guys. Watch.

Ford turns and flips the Jeep off.

FORD
Eat me, you asshole!
(to Lisa)
Okay? Now will you get in the car?

But Lisa's not paying attention -- she's swerving. Ford looks forward in time to see:

82 A MAUSOLEUM 82

approaching at forty miles-per-hour.

He can't turn right because Lisa's still there. So he jerks LEFT -- nicking a headstone and --

CRUNCH! -- He sideswipes the Jeep -- sending it towards a huge statue of an angel --

BASH! -- The Jeep hits the statue head on, stopping it cold as the angel's head breaks off, bounces on the hood, and SMASHES right through the Jeep's windshield.

THWAAAP! -- The Mustang's side slams into the Mausoleum, stopping it cold. Ford takes a deep breath, tilting his head back -- sees Lisa in his rear view mirror. She has avoided the Mausoleum and is doubling back to the street.

Ford slams his car in reverse and hits his accelerator -- passing the TRASHED JEEP on the way. Smiley grimaces.

83 EXT. STREET - AT BROKEN FENCE 83

The scooter flies out of the cemetery -- heads west.

The Mustang flies out of the cemetery -- BACKWARDS -- does a 180 -- follows.

FORD
Okay Honda girl, game's over.

Ford speeds ahead -- catches up to Lisa -- passes her -- CUTS HER OFF --

The bike tips as she skids to a stop -- hits the Mustang -- lightly -- rips her skirt, maybe a bruise. Ford gets out of his car, goes to her, and grabs her by the shoulders.

FORD
Now LISTEN to me. I am on your side. Now will you please, just please get in the car so we can get away from here. I just want to talk to you. Trust me.

And that's when -- CRUNCH -- she knees him in the balls again.

FORD
Oooh... gaaawd... twice.

Ford falls to the ground. Lisa gets back on her scooter and takes off down:

84 EXT. ALLEY 84

Three SCUM are here. They are bored. They see Lisa coming so they move aside making grandiose "after you" type gestures.

Lisa scoots by them and -- KER-THUMP -- they grab her RIGHT OFF THE SCOOTER, which continues down the alley, crashing.

SCUM LEADER
Where you going in such a rush, Princess?

The Scum are pleased. Their day just got interesting.

85 EXT. SIDEWALK 85

Ford still lies here. It's nice here. No one kicks you here. His eyes suddenly go from half open to wide as he sees:

86 THE JEEP 86

coming down the street. A major dent in the grill is not gonna stop this American-made puppy. It passes by Ford and the alley -- stops -- reverses -- turns into the alley.

87 IN THE ALLEY 87

The Scum are having their fun as the Jeep pulls to a stop. Smiley gets out.

SMILEY
(not convincing at all)
Oh, there you are, darling. Come. Get in the car. We are going to be late for the symphony.

SCUM LEADER
Priceless. I'm telling you, priceless. You're a regular Sir Larry Oliver.

CLICK -- Scum Leader whips out a switchblade.

SCUM LEADER
Curtain comin' down.

Smiley takes a beat to assess the situation, then he laughs as he moves forward.

BAP! BAP! -- SLAM! -- CRUNCH! It takes all of four seconds. The punks lie in crumpled heaps. Gasps and moans. The big guy never stops smiling.

SMILEY
That's show biz.

Smiley turns, almost casually, and heads for Lisa.

She opens her mouth to scream and he covers it with his fist -- drags her one armed to the truck. He heaves her THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW into the front seat.

Smiley jumps in and floors the gas.

88 EXT. BEVERLY BLVD. 88

The Jeep blasts out of the alley on to the street, and Lisa does a truly amazing thing --

She JUMPS -- right into the middle of the road.

All hell breaks loose as cars swerve to avoid her -- smashing into stores, mini-malls, other cars.

The Jeep pulls a hard U-turn -- creating another hell down the street.

89 EXT. ALLEY - FORD 89

hobbles in. The Scum are semi-up and coming around.

FORD
Hey. You guys see a girl on a scooter go by here?

They answer by kicking him in the balls.

90 EXT. BEVERLY BLVD. 90

As the Jeep makes it's way through the wreckage back to the still groggy Lisa and --

WHOOOOM -- A Police car comes screaming around the corner behind the Jeep.

This does not please Smiley. He punches it -- passing Lisa. Another time.

91 EXT. BEVERLY CENTER 91

The Jeep and Police Car swerve into the "no parking between 4:00 and 6:00" lane -- moving rapidly towards a LARGE VAN -- backing into a driveway -- obscuring the road ahead.

The Police Car is gaining. The Van backs in revealing --

92 A MULTI-CAR TRANSPORT TRUCK 92

Parked at the curb -- top level empty -- and it's RAMP DOWN.

Smiley has no time to think -- the Jeep HITS THE RAMP -- FLIES INTO THE AIR towards --

93 EXT. HARD ROCK CAFE 93

With it's famous Cadillac imbedded halfway into the roof.

CRASH! -- it now has two cars imbedded halfway into the roof.

94 EXT. ALLEY 94

Ford is still on the ground. The Scum are gone. A shoe appears by Ford's head. He looks up and sees --

Lisa -- looking down at him with maybe a little sympathy for him, maybe not.

LISA
Okay. I trust you now.

CUT TO:

95 INT. FORD'S MUSTANG - TRAVELING 95

Lisa is poking around with all of the dashboard equipment -- Ford keeps a nervous look-out while he drives.

FORD
My name is Ford Fairlane. I'm a private investigator. I've been hired by... by a number of people to find out who... well, what... I've been hired to find out some stuff, okay? And I need some questions answered.

LISA
I'll do my best.

FORD
Johnny Shoemaker wanted to find you. Bad enough to lie to me. He told me he was your father. He's not, right?

LISA
No. My parents live in Iowa.

FORD
Then what's the connection? Were you working for him? Did you know each other? Intimately, perhaps?

LISA
Hardly. I barely knew the guy. I met him once, maybe twice when I was with Bobby -- I think they were friends.

FORD
Okay, Bobby Sludge... What's the story with him?

LISA
We hung out. We did stuff. He died.

FORD
When was the last time you saw him?

LISA
His last night -- backstage.

FORD
Anything happen? Anything weird?

LISA
I don't know.

FORD
Think -- someone he talked to -- a stranger you've never seen before.

LISA
I don't remember. I... well, I was kind of drunk. I had a couple of wine coolers and...

FORD
Real heavyweight, huh?

LISA
Yeah. Blackout city.

FORD
Swell. Does the name Art Mooney mean anything to you?
(Lisa shakes "no")
Okay, then -- Mr. Happy. What's the deal with him?

Lisa becomes very quiet -- shakes her head -- getting upset.

FORD
Another blackout?

LISA
No... I just don't know. He was waiting for me at my apartment yesterday and... I don't know...

She starts to CRY -- looking like a hurt little girl. Ford touches her.

FORD
Hey, hey. It's alright.

LISA
I don't know what's going on... what's happening. Bobby dies -- then the guy on the radio -- then people are after me --
(sobs)
-- and I DON'T KNOW WHY.

FORD
Hang in there. We'll figure this out.

Ford has stopped at a signal. A HOOKER (name's BRENDA) is crossing in front of us when she recognizes the car and smiles. She comes around to the open driver's window.

BRENDA
Hey, Ford Fairlane! How's the Rock and Roll Detective today?

FORD
Um... Just fine, Brenda.

BRENDA
(looking at Lisa)
So, this is why you never call me?

FORD
I'd love to call you. What's your number again... 1-800-..?
(she glares at him)
Whoops! Green light.

Ford drives off, sighs and shakes his head.

FORD
Someday, I'm gonna marry that girl. If she'll have me.

Lisa actually giggles.

LISA
And if she won't..?

FORD
I'll pay her for a blowjob.

LISA
Makes sense.
(lightening up a bit)
What did she call you?

CUT TO:

96 INT. FORD'S PLACE - LATE DAY 96

Ford is closing the door behind Lisa. She is grinning at the spectacle of Ford's home. He tosses his keys onto the arm of the couch and starts flipping through a stack of mail in his hand.

FORD
Both of their deaths are connected -- but how?

LISA
Hey, you're the Rock and Roll Detective.

FORD
Stop calling me that.

LISA
And this is your Rock and Roll home, huh?

FORD
I said, knock it off.

LISA
I will -- as soon as you tell me what it means!

She grins -- Ford sighs. Lisa finds the waste basket and picks up some trash. In fact, she starts cleaning the whole place.

FORD
It's just a title I picked up. What are you doing?

LISA
Cleaning up. It relaxes me. Go on.

Ford begins following her around -- changing things behind her as she cleans up ahead of him.

FORD
I guess it all starts with my dad. He was a musician. When my mom died he had to raise me alone. So I pretty much grew up in music studios, on the road, at rock parties -- things like that.

LISA
Where's he now -- your dad?

FORD
He died. Car accident. Drank too much.

LISA
Sorry.

FORD
So was I. I was about seventeen -- people sort of kept me around to run errands and things.

Lisa is about to throw away a plastic Dodgers cup. Ford snatches it away from her.

FORD
That's not garbage... Anyway, I started doing jobs for an entertainment lawyer -- checking people out -- getting information -- I even served a summons or two.

Lisa ducks into the kitchen. Ford finds a remote control in a brown potted plant. He points it at the TV and pushes a button. The VCR turns on -- but not the television. Ford shrugs and puts the remote down. Lisa comes out of the kitchen with some paper towels and starts to dust.

LISA
Keep going.

FORD
I discovered I was good at it. So I started a business. The people I went to for work were people I knew -- musicians, studio engineers, roadies. I guess the rest is history.

LISA
But only rock and roll. You never work for anybody else?

FORD
There are 5,000 licensed private investigators in Los Angeles alone. With that kind of competition the only way to survive is to specialize. Some guys are ex-cops -- lots of inside sources with the police. My inside scoop is the music industry. People know and trust me. I get where few other detectives can.

LISA
Rock and Roll Detective.

Lisa spots Ford's old guitar and reaches to pick it up. Ford stops her.

FORD
Hey. Leave that one be.

LISA
Little touchy here, aren't we? It's just an old guitar.

FORD
It's not just an old guitar. It's a 1957 Sunburst Fender Stratocaster. It was my dad's. Means a lot to me.

The PHONE RINGS. Before Ford can get there, Lisa snatches it up.

LISA
(incredibly perky)
Yello. Ford Fairlane, Rock and Roll Detective.

97 INT. POLICE STATION - JAZZ'S DESK - DAY 97

Jazz is at her terminal. She frowns.

JAZZ
Um... is Ford there?

98 BACK TO FORD'S PLACE 98

as we INTERCUT between the two locations.

LISA
Who's calling please?

JAZZ
It's, uh, Jazz. Who's this?

LISA
(to Ford)
It's a musical genre for you.

FORD
Give me that.
(snatches phone)
Jazz?

JAZZ
Hi there. Who was that, your girlfriend?

FORD
No, just the maid.

JAZZ
Yeah, sure. I feel free dinners slipping away already.

FORD
Come on, Jazz. What d'you got?

JAZZ
First off, there are six Art Mooneys and that's only in Los Angeles. Not one of 'em have a police record.

FORD
Not even Synchronicity? How about Sting's solo album? Hello?

JAZZ
You finished?

FORD
Sorry.

JAZZ
In fact, I got nothing on Art Mooney you couldn't get from a phone book. However, on our good friends Colleen Sutton and Johnny Shoemaker...

FORD
Yeah, yeah...

JAZZ
Nothing.

FORD
Not even a misdemeanor, or... anything?

JAZZ
Nothing spectacular. She's rich, he's an asshole.

FORD
These things I know.

JAZZ
There's one thing you were confused on, though. Colleen Sutton has no brother. Shoemaker, no sister. They're not related in any way but their area codes.

FORD
Crap. What's going on here? Thanks, Jazz. I owe you.

Ford hangs up -- looks around -- confused and distracted. Lisa frowns coyly.

LISA
Who was that, your Rock and Roll Girlfriend?

FORD
I gotta go see someone. Can I trust you to stay here until I get back?

LISA
Actually, I was thinking of driving around town -- see if I could get into another high speed chase.

FORD
Great. Fine.

Ford starts scanning the room with his eyes. He can't find something. He opens his hands -- then slaps them together four times: CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP. Lisa smirks.

LISA
No, really. Applause isn't necessary. I've cleaned before.

FORD
Sh-h-h-h!

Ford does it again: CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP.

A little CHIRP CHIRP noise is heard at the foot of the couch. Ford follows it -- reaches down and picks up his keys -- little black keyfinder attached to the ring. He makes for the door.

FORD
Stay. I've got to go do detective things.

LISA
Rock and roll.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. MANSION - DUSK 99

Smog-filtered sunlight splashes onto the multi-million dollar estate as Ford's Mustang drives up -- joining about six or seven POLICE CARS and a CORONER'S VAN. He parks, gets out:

FORD
Oh, no...

He runs toward the house.

100 INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM 100

COPS, LAB BOYS, and DETECTIVES mingle about as flash photos are taken and fingerprints are dusted. Ford walks to the middle of the room. The whole place has been thoroughly tossed.

And there's a body on the floor. A dead body. Colleen Sutton. Ralph the Coroner is carefully examining the corpse with rubber-gloved hands. Ford kneels down with him, looking at Colleen -- touches her arm lightly. He's sad about this one.

FORD
Oh God no...

RALPH
Don't tell me... another client.

FORD
Yeah. She was an okay lady, too. How'd it happen, Ralph?

RALPH
(pointing to her neck)
See this mark, right behind the ear? That's your basic welt. Cut off the oxygen supply to the brain. It was slow and painful.

FORD
That bastard...

RALPH
You know who did this?

Ford gets up -- definitely angry -- starts to look around.

RALPH
Hey! Fine. Don't tell me. Tell you the truth, I don't wanna know. But if you're gonna look around, wear these.

Ralph hands Ford a pair of rubber gloves. Ford looks at Ralph with a "come on" face.

RALPH
Don't give me that look, it's my ass.

Ford nods. He puts on his gloves and starts to unobtrusively search around -- looking in all his special places -- with a real sense of determination in his face.

Ford reaches through the lining of an expensive couch. Nothing there -- not even dust this time. He lifts a picture. Nope. He goes into:

101 INT. MANSION KITCHEN 101

which is about the same size as his entire house. Drawers and cabinets have been flung open -- contents strewn about. Ford opens the immaculately clean oven. No grease, no nothing.

102 INT. MANSION BEDROOM 102

A LAB GUY is walking out as Ford goes in. The Lab Guy smiles, says "hi" to Ford, and leaves. Ford looks around -- checks some open drawers. Then:

Ford walks up to a closed closet -- and just stares at it. He reaches nervously -- and quickly opens the door.

Thousands of dollars worth of clothes -- no Hawaiian shirts -- or big smiling guys.

103 INT. MANSION BATHROOM 103

The perfect whiteness is almost blinding. Ford checks the toilet tank -- finds nothing. He checks under the lid -- nada.

Ford steps up in front of a huge mirror and looks at himself -- a bruised and tired face stares back. Ford makes a fist -- checks to see if anybody's looking. He grabs a towel -- but then thinks twice about it and puts the towel back. He unclenches his fist and moves on.

104 INT. MANSION STUDY 104

Books have been pulled off the shelves, a desk sits there with many of its drawers pulled out and dumped. Ford is at the desk. He looks under the ink blotter. Nothing there. He pulls out a drawer, turns it over. Nope. He grabs another drawer, looks underneath --

And there's a piece of PAPER taped to the bottom of it. Ford yanks the paper off and reads it.

It's a BILL OF LADING -- a shipping receipt from FAT JACK'S TRUCKING COMPANY. It lists a shipment of something referred to simply as "plastic supplies." The "TO" and "FROM" part of the document has been TORN OFF. Bingo.

A familiar voice screams in the living room:

HOFFMAN (O.S.)
And you let him just waltz in? Oh, Ford -- would you mind stepping out here one second?

A panicked look crosses Ford's face -- thinking fast.

105 INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM 105

Lieutenant Hoffman stands smugly waiting. Ford finally steps into the room -- a smile on his face and both hands hidden behind his back.

FORD
Bill, you've lost weight since yesterday.

LT. HOFFMAN
Well, Ford, looks like your clients are having a tough time staying alive. Let me just ask you a question, because this would really make my job so much easier. You didn't kill them -- did ya -- by any chance?

FORD
Nnnnope... no, I don't think... wait, wait... no, no, that was someone else.

LT. HOFFMAN
You knew that they were lovers, didn't you? The woman and your DeeJay friend?

FORD
(genuinely surprised)
No...

LT. HOFFMAN
Oh, yeah. He was pounding his pigskin package to her on a pretty regular basis. Course they didn't advertise it or anything. Do you know this girl?

Hoffman shows Ford a snapshot of Lisa and the late Bobby Sludge. Ford leans in, hands still behind his back.

FORD
Should I?

LT. HOFFMAN
Sludge groupie. Thought maybe you'd seen her around. Name's Lisa.

FORD
Lisa.

LT. HOFFMAN
Yeah. Fairlane -- go.

FORD
Go?

LT. HOFFMAN
Am-scray, exeunt, vamoose, make like a banana and get the fuck out of here.

FORD
Hey, exit, detectiving all the way, stage right.

Ford pulls his hands out (no gloves), pats Hoffman's back, and makes for the door -- only to be stopped by the Lieutenant's beefy arm. Hoffman starts sifting through Ford's pockets.

LT. HOFFMAN
Ho ho hold it right there, Cochise. I'm gonna have to search you.

FORD
Bill. You mean you don't trust me? I'm deeply hurt, here.

LT. HOFFMAN
Can it, scumshoe, or you will be deeply hurt here. Aha!

He finds something in Ford's pocket -- the rubber gloves.

FORD
The jelly's in the other pocket. Oh, I forgot, you carry your own tube.

LT. HOFFMAN
You listen to me, Fairlane. Don't dick with me, do you hear me? Cause if I find out you're diddling me, I'm gonna bury you so deep, they're gonna be able to park bikes in your ass. Just get off... my... back.

SOME COP (O.S.)
Lieutenant.

Hoffman turns to the cop -- revealing to us the Bill of Lading TAPED TO HIS BACK.

Ford removes the piece of paper from the man's back -- and deftly swivels around him on his way out -- all in one quick move. Hoffman didn't see a thing.

LT. HOFFMAN
In a minute.
(turns back to Ford)
Do we understand each other?

FORD
(out the door)
Off your back. I got it.

CUT TO:

106 INT. FORD'S MUSTANG - DRIVING - NIGHT 106

Ford checks the Bill of Lading. Under the FAT JACK'S logo is the address: 4225 Glencoe Ave. Ford looks up.

The Mustang is cruising a row of modern-looking warehouses -- one of them is 4225 Glencoe. Ford parks.

107 INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT 107

FOUR REDNECKS sit around a table cheating at cards. Not one of them is under 200 pounds, and much of this is not fat but facial and body hair. Around them, desks buckle under dust and paperwork, calendars depict scantily-clad girls wielding power tools, and if they still accepted returnables, you could be a millionaire with all the empty beer bottles.

The truckers snort and chug as Ford appears in the doorway.

FORD
Uh, excuse me... ?

The truckers turn to him and become immediately quiet, eyes blazing at the interruption.

If not for the COUNTRY MUSIC from their radio, you could hear a pin drop.

REDNECK #1
Help you?

FORD
(pulls out bill)
Sure can. Gentlemen I need --

REDNECK #1
Office hours are eight to five.

FORD
This will take mere moments of your time, what I --

REDNECK
Office hours -- eight -- to five.

FORD
Okay... I didn't want to have to do this.

Ford reaches inside his jacket, flashes a POLICE BADGE -- quickly returns it.

FORD
My name is Lieutenant William Hoffman, LAPD. I'm off duty right now and I need a little information.

The leader rises threateningly and moves to Ford.

REDNECK #1
Lemme see that badge again.

FORD
Uh... I didn't want to come here officially, you know, have to fill out all those forms and --

The Redneck grabs Ford, reaches into his jacket, and pulls out his police badge -- or rather one of those toy badges you find at K-Mart that reads: "Bikini Inspector -- No Fat Chicks."

FORD
Uh... listen, Fat Jack...

ALL the rednecks rise simultaneously. The floor creaks. It is made of concrete. Ford's sphincter muscles clench.

REDNECK #1
Fat Jack's dead.

FORD
Sorry to hear that.

REDNECK #1
Kinda like YOU, huh? Lieutenant?

The rednecks all move toward Ford. The SONG on the radio ends.

FORD
Tell you what. I'll come back tomorrow during office hours.

The rednecks tighten into a circle. A new SONG STARTS on the radio. Soft guitar strummin'. Ford raises his hand for quiet.

FORD
Wait.

REDNECK #1
What?

FORD
Pete Hootin.
(SINGS the first lyric to the song)
Cowboy Pete! Man, I love that guy!

The rednecks look at one another skeptically.

REDNECK #1
Now you just wait one fat second, Mr. Smartass. You're tellin' us you know who Cowboy Pete is?

FORD
Know who he is?! "Hootin 'n' Hollerin"? "Hootin-nanny"? "Rootin Tootin Hootin"? We're talkin' the one, true genius of the Singin' Cowboy genre since Gene Autry! Maybe in all of Country Western music!

The rednecks stare at Ford, beer bottles poised, and in this moment of silence, Ford actually prays to the Lord Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

108 SCARY TIGHT CLOSE-UP OF REDNECK #3 - AN HOUR LATER 108

as he opens a beer bottle with his teeth and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ford, now wearing one of the men's cowboy hats, and sitting amidst a clutter of beer bottles that made the previous mess look virtually antiseptic.

Redneck #1 SLAPS Ford on the back with drunken enthusiasm. Country Music -- more Cowboy Pete -- PLAYS on the radio louder than ever.

REDNECK #2
Have another brew there, Mr. Pontiac!

Ford takes the bottle with thinly veiled nausea. He looks up.

FORD
Hey, Tiny! Found that bill yet?

Across the room Redneck #4 stands at an open file cabinet, looking through a drawer containing the single most chaotic and haphazard mess of paperwork in history.

REDNECK #4
Gettin' there!

Ford gives Tiny "thumbs up" with one hand while emptying his beer in a trash can with the other.

CUT TO:

109 CLOSE ON PAPER 109

It's a copy of a new Bill of Lading -- WITH the addresses. The mysterious cargo is listed as going TO an address in CANADA -- FROM an address in Los Angeles: the HARPER PLASTICS COMPANY.

110 EXT. FORD'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 110

Ford is reading the new bill while unlocking the entry to his house. He opens the door and goes in:

111 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 111

Ford turns on the lights -- he gasps -- the room seems to scream back at him -- incredibly clean. Lisa has been busy.

FORD
Wow! Lisa, good job.
(beat)
Lisa?

Ford looks worried. He walks around -- she's not here.

FORD
Lisa! Shit, I told you... LISA!

He sees something -- walks up to the television. There are notes taped to it. Ford reads the first one:

"You need toilet paper. Be back soon. Love, Lisa."

And next to the first note is that picture of Lisa that Ford tossed in his trash -- the one where she's blowing a kiss -- and with it, ANOTHER note: "Found this in the garbage! Trying not to take it personally. Kisses, Lisa."

Ford smiles a bit -- the first genuine one since seeing Colleen's dead body. He crumples the notes, tosses them on the floor -- and pockets the snapshot.

Ford sits down on the couch and rests for a beat. Then he pulls a remote control out of a brown potted plant -- points it at the T.V. -- pushes. The VCR turns off. Ford actually GROWLS.

He gets up -- goes to a chair -- finds another remote. He picks it up and looks at it. Nope, that's not the one. Ford tosses the remote aside and starts searching around.

112 INT. FORD'S BEDROOM 112

Ford comes in and finds a remote at the foot of the bed. The T.V. is visible through the open door. He tries the remote -- wrong one again. Ford scowls and searches some more.

113 INT. FORD'S BATHROOM 113

Ford comes in and starts opening drawers -- doesn't find what he wants. He opens the medicine cabinet -- and THERE it is. The remote to the television lies on a glass shelf. Ford snatches it up victoriously -- points it through the door -- the T.V.is still visible from here. Ford pushes the ON button.

KA-BOOM! -- the television EXPLODES.

The living room is SHATTERED as Ford is thrown back into the bathtub from the force of the blast. SMOKE begins to fill the entire house.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. FORD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 114

And a good third of it is just plain GONE. Pieces of roof are collapsing into the destroyed living room. Rubble has been thrown everywhere.

Ford Fairlane crawls out of his bathroom window. He stumbles -- in shock -- around to the front of the house. He COUGHS violently and stares at his ruined home -- anguish on his face.

Lisa steps up next to him holding a bag of groceries.

LISA
I just cleaned that place.

FORD
What? Where the hell were you? Jesus fucking Christ -- SHIT!

LISA
I'm so sorry.

Lisa is looking very scared now. Ford is still delerious.

FORD
Oh, God. You're alive right now because you went out. Did you watch any T.V.?

LISA
No...

FORD
(like he's losing his mind)
Good! It's very bad for you, you know!
Ha! Shit. Jesus. Fu--

Ford instantly sobers. He sees something.

FORD
No... no... no, no, no...

Something on the ground, amidst the rubble. The broken stem of his dad's guitar. He gingerly picks it up, almost fondling it.

FORD
(frightningly quiet)
Someone's going to pay for this.

And now he throws it aside -- VIOLENTLY -- vengeance in his eyes. The man's angry. He grabs Lisa and heads for his car.

FORD
Come on.

LISA
Shouldn't we go to the police?

FORD
That'd be a good one. They have your picture by the way.

They pass by a couple of NEIGHBORS who stare at the aftermath. Ford grins to them.

FORD
Gotta watch them propane barbecues!
Heh, heh...

He shoves Lisa into the Mustang.

115 INT. FORD'S CAR 115

Ford gets in.

LISA
You don't think I killed any of them, do you?

FORD
No. Of course not.

LISA
The police obviously do.

FORD
We need a place to stay for the night.

Ford grabs his car phone -- gets ready to dial -- then stops. He stares at the phone.

He looks at Lisa -- despair in his eyes.

FORD
Nobody. I don't know anybody to call. I've lived here all my life -- I can get my ass into any greasy joint in town -- but I can't think of a single goddamn person to call...

Ford leans over and pathetically rests his head on the steering wheel. Lisa touches his shoulder -- Ford moans. SIRENS can be heard in the distance -- Lisa looks nervous.

LISA
We'd better get going.

FORD
Of course. I think there's a YMCA downtown. But we'd have to sneak you in...

LISA
I know where we can go.

Lisa grins. Ford, without raising his head off the wheel, starts the car.

CUT TO:

116 INT. SORORITY HALLWAY 116

Ford and Lisa are at a door. Lisa turns to Ford.

LISA
I never brought a guy with me here before, so you're, like, not my boyfriend, okay?

FORD
Whatever. I'll just hide in the corner.

Lisa knocks -- the door opens. STEPHANIE, a pretty brunette girl in a robe, answers.

STEPHANIE
LISA!

LISA
STEPHANIE!

STEPHANIE
The drop-out returns. You back in school now? Who's your friend?

LISA
Steph, we really need a place to crash, okay?

STEPHANIE
Hey, mi casa es su casa. Entreè.

They go in -- Ford trying to be as nonchalant as possible.

117 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM 117

where about five COLLEGE GIRLS are hanging out and -- YOW! It's like one of those "Girls of USC" pictorials in Playboy -- except they're MOVING. Everyone's dressed in scanty nightgowns and frilly negligees.

LISA
Ford, I want you to meet the finest Kappa Delta has to offer. Girls, this is Ford Fairlane. He's a rock and roll detective.

FORD
(almost too fast)
I'm not her boyfriend.

CUT TO:

118 SAME - LATER 118

The girls form a giggling circle around Ford. The suspense builds as body parts threaten to tumble out of skimpy sleep wear:

BLONDE BABE
Does Sting really sleep in the buff?

ENDOWED BABE
Which songs did you write for Van Halen?

HEARTBREAKING BABE
Is Huey Lewis really your half brother?

LEGGY BABE
Tell us how you saved Woodstock again.

PERKY BABE
No, I want to know about Billy Idol.

ENDOWED BABE
And Peter Gabriel.

LEGGY BABE
And Robert Palmer.

BLONDE BABE
And Springsteen.

The mere mention of the name Springsteen causes the girls to swoon.

FORD
Ladies, ladies, please. All will be answered. Springsteen...

He pauses for effect. They hang on it -- entranced.

FORD
The Boss and I have a very special relationship. I... can't really talk about it.

ALL THE GIRLS
(mauling him slightly)
Oh, please, please, etc.

FORD
Okay, tell you what. I'll do my impression of him, alright? This is Bruce introducing a song. Ahem.
(gravelly)
You know... a lot of times... you break up with your best girl... and you find out that love hurts more than you thought it would. Or maybe you get into a fight with your old man... and you realize that you need to get away so that you both can grow. And so now... here's a song... about a car.

The girls giggle and coo. Ford eats it up. Lisa watches from across the room with a warm smile -- her eyes only on Ford.

CUT TO:

119 INT. SORORITY ROOM - MUCH LATER 119

All is finally quiet -- darker -- warmer. Ford is propped up on a pillow flipping through a record collection. Lisa is next to him with her own pillow and blanket -- looking very tired. She yawns.

FORD
Sleep.

LISA
(smirking)
No, no. I wanna know about Michael Jackson.

FORD
He's male. Other than that, I'm sworn to secrecy.

LISA
Okay, then, tell me more about your father.

Ford puts down the record album he was looking at.

FORD
My dad would come home -- completely drunk -- at the crack of dawn, fall flat on his face, and go to sleep right there on the floor.
(completely serious)
He was the greatest guy in the world. He loved me, he loved mom, and boy could he play the guitar. Then mom died and he just gave up, quit. He hit the bottle and I never saw my dad again. Not the man I loved.
(beat; then:)
So why'd you leave school?

LISA
Got bored. Wanted to do something exciting. I've actually been thinking about coming back lately.

FORD
Well think about sleeping now. I have a major lead to check out tomorrow -- along with watching you.

LISA
Mmmmm... Yes, I noticed you were, uh, "watching" me...

Lisa rolls her body next to Ford's -- sleepy cuddliness in her eyes.

FORD
A good detective knows just where to look.

LISA
Oh... I see.

She gets closer -- sneaking up on him. Ford is getting really tempted here.

LISA
You think you're good, detective?

FORD
Actually, thinking is becoming very difficult.

LISA
So don't...

They're face to face now -- crackle, crackle...

Then Ford turns to one of the albums.

FORD
My God -- Peter Frampton. I can't believe girls still buy this album.

She smiles and slides adorably back to her pillow.

LISA
Maybe you don't know the right girls.

FORD
Maybe. Lisa, go to sleep.

LISA
(pouting)
Aww, bedtime?

FORD
Yes, bedtime.

LISA
Good night kiss?

Ford takes a moment -- decides -- leans toward her, she leans toward him -- and he kisses her on the forehead.

FORD
Good night.

LISA
(mocking)
Now here's a song about a car.

Lisa giggles and turns away, closing her eyes. Ford glances at the back of the album. Then he looks at Lisa. He keeps looking.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. HARPER PLASTICS - THE NEXT DAY 120

A small nondescript building nestled amongst other small factories and warehouses. A tiny sign reads "Harper Plastics." And Ford's Mustang is pulling into an alleyway off to the side.

121 INT. MUSTANG 121

Ford shuts off the engine -- starts to get out. Lisa frowns.

LISA
I'm going with you.

FORD
.. you're not. Stay here.

LISA
Please.

FORD
No. This could be dangerous. Lock the car and stay inside. You'll be safe here -- and no one can see you through the glass.

Lisa pouts. Ford grabs her cheeks and squishes them together -- destroying the pout. Lisa laughs and relaxes a bit. Ford gets out.

122 EXT. OFFICE DOOR 122

Ford walks up -- knocks. No answer. He tries the door. Locked. Ford carefully looks around -- then pulls out a small metal hook.

Ford skillfully picks the lock and enters.

123 INT. HARPER FRONT OFFICE - DAY 123

The office is empty. Seems normal. Ford wipes his finger over a desk -- and makes a good-sized mark in the thick dust. He checks out a magazine -- it's six months old. Ford heads for a door. It's open -- he goes in.

124 INT. HARPER FACTORY 124

Ford walks down a quiet hallway and into a LARGE ROOM. One side is filled with rows of STACKED BOXES -- the other side is a large bank of ELECTRONIC MACHINERY.

Ford checks out the hardware. One inch audio tape decks -- patch bays -- equalizers -- digital processors -- all leading to the real BIG machine: It looks like a futuristic printing press. A sign reads "Caution -- Laser." There are little molds that are meant to stamp out circular disks about five inches across.

Ford tries to take it all in -- until VOICES are heard in the front office.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Come on, man. I told YOU.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Okay, okay... My ultimate sexual fantasy...?

And they're coming THIS WAY. Ford looks around frantically -- dives across the room behind the eight-foot box stacks.

Two BURLY GUYS in overalls walk in. The TALL one is the guy thinking -- the SHORT one waits for an answer.

TALL GUY
My ultimate sexual fantasy... Okay, I think I got it. Y'ever been to Disneyland?... you know, that parade they got. That's what I want -- the girl that plays Snow White -- I wanna nail her, right during the parade.

SHORT GUY
Oh, yeah. I can just see it. Big loudspeaker goin',"Ladies and Gentlemen! Boys and Girls! Enjoy the lovely parade. Please ignore the guy fucking Snow White."

TALL GUY
Hey, maybe I'm Prince Charming. You almost ready to go?

Tall guy grabs two pencils from a desk and begins BANGING them like drumsticks: TAP TAPPITY TAP. Short guy goes to get his jacket.

Ford quietly sweating it out -- when he spots and opens one of the boxes. He pulls out a COMPACT DISK in a case. The entire box is FULL of disks. This intrigues Ford.

Short Guy is ready to go, Tall guy still performing his drum solo: TIPPITY TAP TAP --

SHORT GUY
I don't know, man. Maybe it's me. I just don't like sex in any Theme Park.

TALL GUY
That's your problem. Too uptight. Did you try the oysters?

SHORT GUY
Don't start with the oysters.

TALL GUY
I'm telling ya, oysters are a sure fire aphrodisiac.

SHORT GUY
Yeah, well, I tried 'em last night.

TALL GUY
And?

SHORT GUY
They kept falling off.

Tall Guy plays a RIMSHOT: TAP TAP TAP TAP! And --

CHIRP CHIRP CHIRPING is heard behind the boxes.

Both guys immediately draw guns.

SHORT GUY
What was that?

Behind the boxes Ford gulps. The CHIRPING is coming from the keyfinder in his pocket. He pulls it out -- tries to muffle it.

TALL GUY
Someone's here.

SHORT GUY
Someone's dead.

They move forward as the Tall Guy puts away his gun and starts to clap. CLAP CLAP CLA--

SHORT GUY
What are you doing?

TALL GUY
Shh. Keyfinder. Listen.

Tall Guy claps: CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP -- nothing.

SHORT GUY
No, man. There's a rhythm to it.

Short Guy : CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP -- nothing.

TALL GUY
That's too slow. You gotta do it like this.

CLAPS -- nothing.

SHORT GUY
Like this?

TALL GUY
Will you listen to the way I do it?

SHORT GUY
I'm trying, for Chrissakes!

TALL GUY
Too fast! Too fast!

There they stand in the middle of the huge warehouse -- guns holstered -- clapping like morons. They look like a bad rap group. Finally --

125 ANOTHER ANGLE 125

Tall Guy raises his hand.

TALL GUY
Shhhhh! I got it. One -- two -- three -- four. Like this.

With great care: CLAP. CLAP.

BONK! BONK!

Ford steps from behind a crate and beans each of them with a crowbar. They drop in a heap. His keyfinder goes off.

FORD
Yup. You got it.

CUT TO:

126 INT. MUSTANG - DAY 126

Lisa is chatting on the car phone:

LISA
No, really, I'm calling you from inside a car... No, he's not a rock star -- he's much better...

Ford bursts into the driver seat. He starts the car -- pulls out of the alley -- snatches the phone out of Lisa's hand and hangs it up.

FORD
That's expensive.

LISA
What's going on?

FORD
Watch behind us. Tell me if we're being followed. I think I know what this is all about.

Ford tosses her a compact disk -- punches the gas. The disk is a copy of a SLUDGE album: "Ticket to Hell."

FORD
Somebody's getting ahold of master tapes and punching out illegal copies of compact disks -- sending them to Canada and Europe and God knows where else.

LISA
Phoney CD's.

FORD
State-of-the-art piracy. Pure and simple.

LISA
Hey, I have this one.

FORD
Sure. You can buy it in any store. It just came out.

LISA
No, I mean, I didn't buy it, I found it.

FORD
Lisa, are you watching behind us?

Lisa digs into her brown and gold purse and pulls out a compact disk. It's the same as the one Ford just took from the pirate factory -- "Ticket to Hell." Ford takes a precarious turn.

LISA
This was in my purse the morning after Bobby croaked. He must have slipped it in there when I was drunk. I figured it was a gift.

FORD
Have you heard it?

LISA
No, I don't have a player.

Ford tosses his disk into the back seat -- grabs Lisa's and opens it. He squeals around a corner.

LISA
This is kinda fun, being detectives, huh?

FORD
Oh, yeah. Oodles.

Ford puts the disk into his CD player -- pushes "play."

Painful noises: SCRE-E-E-E-E! BUZZ! SHSHSHSHSH! Ford smiles -- Lisa winces.

FORD
Interesting approach...

LISA
That isn't music!

FORD
It is to my ears. This is why they've been after you!

Ford howls with glee and takes another turn.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. STREET - DAY 127

The Mustang is parked at the curb. Ford talks to Lisa through the open passenger window.

FORD
Stay here. I'm not sure what I have yet. I'll come get you when I got everything figured out, okay?

LISA
Okay...

Here comes that pout again. Ford reaches -- she smiles before he can grab her cheeks.

He squeezes her face anyway -- then takes off up the street.

CUT TO:

128 INT. POLICE STATION - JAZZ'S DESK 128

Jazz types away. Ford's hands dangles the compact disk in front of her face. She turns -- concern growing when she sees him.

JAZZ
Ford! What's going on? I heard your house blew up.

FORD
That's not important right now. I think this disk speaks your computer's language.

JAZZ
But that's a compact disk -- it's just music.

FORD
That's the label -- but not the sound. Come on, Jazz. Check it.

JAZZ
Follow me.

129 INT. POLICE MAIN COMPUTER ROOM 129

Jazz slides into a chair in front of a huge mainframe -- Ford scootches onto the chair next to her. Jazz is acting excited -- even though she doesn't know what this is all about.

FORD
What is this -- the HAL 9000?

JAZZ
Sh-sh-sh. Mellow out. We're not supposed to be in here, but this is the only machine in the whole department set up for CD ROM.

FORD
Whatever, I'm in your hands.

She smiles. Jazz likes where Ford is sitting. She slides the compact disk into a slot and punches keys. Screens flash by on the monitor.

JAZZ
Hmmmmm...

FORD
What what what?

JAZZ
Hang on. Ah, good -- help menus. Wow. This is a major piece of work. Ledgers -- shipping records -- bank transactions. What's this all about?

FORD
Compact disk piracy. Are there any names?

JAZZ
Let's see... Jesus -- look at those numbers. This crime does pay -- well.

FORD
Who is it paying?

JAZZ
Keep your shirt on. Aha -- names. Knowlton, Krikorian, Reneau... Wait, look. Here's one that shows up on almost every page.

Ford stares closely at the monitor. His eyes bug out.

FORD
Jesus Christ.

JAZZ
No, Jack Maxwell. Who's he?

FORD
Long John Silver himself... Wow, Jack Maxwell. Jazz, you're beautiful. Gimme the disk.

Jazz pops it out -- gives it to Ford.

Then a HAND slaps down on Ford's shoulder -- YANKING him up.

LT. HOFFMAN
Fa-a-a-a-airlane!

Jazz almost falls over. Ford blurts:

FORD
Hoffman. Bill. Jack Maxwell murdered Bobby Sludge, and probably Colleen Sutton.

LT. HOFFMAN
(sarcastic)
Really. Well I'll just send some men to pick him up.

FORD
Look, Bill, no joke --

LT. HOFFMAN
No, Ford, there IS a joke. And it's on me. That was pretty funny taping that paper to my back -- and don't think everyone else didn't notice.

FORD
Bill, I'm sorry. Now, Jack Maxwell...

LT. HOFFMAN
Yup. The Captain chewed me a new butthole when he found out.

FORD
...pirating compact disks...

LT. HOFFMAN
But that's okay. Because I get to arrest you now for removing evidence from a crime scene.

FORD
Are you listening to me?!

LT. HOFFMAN
And for being in a restricted area.

FORD
And for attacking a police officer!

LT. HOFFMAN
What?

And -- POW! Ford knocks Hoffman cold. Jazz stares at Ford -- he gives her a "what could I do" look -- and runs.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. STREET 130

Ford is approaching his car. Nothing can be seen behind the tinted windows. He rants:

FORD
Fine. Be that way. We'll just see what the FBI has to say about this. When I'm done you'll be head of the vice squad in Pacoima.

He opens his door.

131 INT. MUSTANG 131

Ford gets in babbling.

FORD
Stupid cop idiot --

Ford turns to Lisa -- and SHE'S GONE.

Ford whips around -- SMILEY grins at him from the back seat -- grabs Ford's head and -- CRACK! -- smashes his own smiling skull into Fairlane's.

Smiley is unaffected. Ford blacks out.....

CUT TO:

132 INT. JACK MAXWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 132

Plush furniture -- gold records. A nighttime cityscape sparkles through the windows -- we can see awnings outside meant for sunlight jutting out and blocking moonlight.

JACK MAXWELL stands next to an immense desk bathed by high-tech lighting fixtures. LISA is seated in chair. BUSINESS PUNKER -- the weird guy in a suit we saw back at the radio station -- looms above her. FORD lies unconscious on a couch -- SMILEY stands at the foot -- in yet a different Hawaiian shirt.

Ford is slowly waking up.

MAXWELL
Mr. Fairlane. You're with us again. Very good.

FORD
Ugg. Maxwell. How's the piracy business going?

MAXWELL
Fine -- except for a few recent wrinkles. Can I get you anything?

FORD
A new head. Maybe some gum.

Maxwell grins. He pulls some gum out of his desk and tosses it to Ford. Ford unwraps it, pops it in his mouth, chews.

FORD
Thanks, Jack. Lisa -- are you alright?

LISA
I guess. Assholes 'R' Us have been surprisingly well behaved.

MAXWELL
Of course we have. Now, Mr. Rock and Roll Detective -- shall we do this?

FORD
Do what?

MAXWELL
You know. The part where the detective tells the villain,"Isn't it true that you're pirating compact discs..."

FORD
You're really weird.

MAXWELL
Please. Humor me.

FORD
(lifelessly)
Isn't it true that you're pirating compact discs. Some people found out. You killed them. The end.

MAXWELL
Ford, you disappoint me.

Maxwell walks over to a large closet and opens it. He takes out a TUXEDO which he puts on throughout his speech. He clears his throat and proceeds with bizarre glee:

MAXWELL
Yes, some people found out about my entrepreneurial activities. Johnny Shoemaker and Bobby Sludge to be exact. Not only did they find out -- but because of some phenomenal blundering by one of my employees, they actually acquired evidence to the fact -- the infamous compact disks. Like the one Lisa had. Needless to say that employee has been transferred.

FORD
To the La Brea Tar Pits.

MAXWELL
Excellent, Ford, now you're getting into it. They each had their own reasons to complicate my life. Mr. Shoemaker chose to blackmail me. Well, he tried to, anyway. Mr. Sludge didn't really care about the money -- his reasons were more along the lines of... how did he put it? "It's my art, man -- and no one fucks with it." Eloquent gentleman, Sludge.

FORD
But, Bobby didn't have the disk, did he? So you went after Lisa, figuring she had it.

MAXWELL
No figuring. I knew she had it.

FORD
And now YOU have it, yes? I assume you lifted it off of me.

MAXWELL
Yes, Ford, it was very thoughtful of you to bring it with you.

Maxwell goes to his desk, opens a drawer -- pulls out TWO CD's.

MAXWELL
Now I have two. This one from you and this one from Mrs. Sutton.

FORD
Colleen and Shoemaker, right? The asshole got her involved.

MAXWELL
(tying his bow tie)
She was a dedicated lady -- though her choice of lovers boggled my mind.

FORD
I don't get it, Jack. You're rich. Why are you pirating Sludge albums?

MAXWELL
How do you think I got to be this rich? It wasn't from saying "no" to greed. Some people do drugs, I do money. Why did Billy the Kid kill people? Why did Butch and Sundance knock over banks?

FORD
Why did John Wesley Hardin once shoot a man for snoring too loud?

MAXWELL
Why? See this office? I rent this office. I want to own this building. I want to own this block. Ford, the music industry makes more money than any other entertainment medium. More than TV, more than movies, more than any of it.

FORD
Makes sense. Records are your best entertainment value.

MAXWELL
Look at the opportunity. All you have to do is get to the money before the money gets to the guy it's supposed to get to. Get it?

FORD
Yeah, Jack. Great speech. Fine tongue-twister. Could we wrap this up?

MAXWELL
Certainly, Ford. The third disk. Where is it?

FORD
Um... the what?

MAXWELL
Don't play dumb -- not now. You've been doing so well. The third disk. Records in electronic triplicate. They each had one: Sludge, Sutton, Shoemaker. I can't have just two, I need to complete my collection. You understand, don't you? Where's Shoemaker's disk?

FORD
I really don't know. Sorry. Can't help you.

Maxwell is standing over Lisa now -- fully dressed. He grins pleasantly at Ford --

Then he BACKHANDS Lisa across the face -- sending her tumbling to the floor. Ford jumps out of the couch and goes for Maxwell. Business Punker PUNCHES Ford in the gut.

Ford falls to his knees and catches his breath. Lisa sobs a few feet away from him. Maxwell walks back to his closet. Ford crawls to Lisa.

FORD
Are you okay?

But before Lisa can nod yes, Ford removes her long pointed earings.

FORD
(whispers)
When I tell you to, get out of here.

Maxwell turns back from the closet, stuffing a handkerchief in a vest.

MAXWELL
This could become very ugly, Mr. Fairlane.

FORD
Alright, you son of a bitch, listen -- and listen carefully. Yes, I have the third disk. It's in a very safe place with instructions to have it sent directly to the police if I don't make a phone call by seven o'clock. So the way I look at it you have no choice but to let us go.

Maxwell begins to LAUGH -- at Ford.

MAXWELL
Ford...

FORD
You're going down, Maxwell.

MAXWELL
(suddenly disdainful)
Ford, you are simply a dolt. Don't you have a watch? It's 7:30! If what you say were true, I wouldn't be standing here right now! You have no sense of time, do you? Nice try, though.

FORD
Yeah... well... Blow me.

MAXWELL
Not tonight. I'm going to the American Music Awards. I'm a shoe-in for Producer of the Year.

Maxwell grins and calmly turns to his two men.

MAXWELL
He doesn't have the disk. Kill them both.

Maxwell puts BOTH compact disks in his jacket pocket -- and walks out the door.

Business Punker grabs Ford and Lisa by the arms. Smiley saunters up in front of Ford with, guess what -- a smile.

FORD
Don't you ever get depressed?

Smiley PUNCHES Ford across the jaw -- snapping his head back.

SMILEY
Trust me. You don't want to see me when I am.

FORD
Okay, fine. Just do it quick.

SMILEY
This could take all night.

He GRABS Ford by the collar -- pulls him away from Punker's grip -- and TOSSES him across the room --

-- SMACK! -- over the desk -- into the wall. Right next to a wall socket. Ford's chance.

He quickly spits his chewed gum into his hand, jams Lisa's earings into the gum, and shoves them into the wall socket.

FORD
NOW!

And as Lisa KICKS Business Punker in the balls -- the earings spark -- and the lights go OUT.

CUT TO:

133 INT. HALLWAY 133

As Ford and Lisa escape from the darkened room down the well lit corridor.

FORD
About time you put that trick to good use.

LISA
Where are you going?

FORD
Out?

She tries to yank him back the other way.

LISA
The elevators are THIS way.

They turn. Smiley and Business Punker burst out of Maxwell's office -- blocking their way.

FORD
Swell...

They run -- forced to go in the wrong direction.

134 ANOTHER CORRIDOR 134

Ford and Lisa squeal around a corner. Ford sees a door -- "Roof Access" -- opens it.

LISA
Wait!

FORD
Fire escape!

LISA
No! Don't you know where we are?

He pulls her through the door and up the stairs.

135 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 135

Ford and Lisa stumble out of a door -- smack into a GIANT 20 FOOT NEEDLE jutting into the night sky. Ford recognizes it. He grabs for the roof access door -- but it has closed. He tries to open it -- but it has LOCKED.

FORD
Rats...

136 VERY WIDE -- THE CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING 136

A 14 story stack of records on Hollywood and Vine. Circular awnings ring each floor creating the illusion of a tower of disks.

137 INT. HALLWAY - AT ROOF ACCESS DOOR 137

The two villains climb UP.

138 EXT. CAPITOL ROOF - NIGHT 138

Smiley and Punker pile out. Look around. No one else is up here.

139 EXT. 14TH FLOOR LEDGE 139

Ford and Lisa are CLIMBING DOWN AND AROUND THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. The ledge is about a foot wide -- the sheet metal awning juts down and out at a forty-five degree angle just under and out from the ledge.

FORD
Well, this is fun, isn't it? And you said I never take you anyplace.

The two of them shimmy along the edge until they reach a SPACE in the awning (there's one about every ten feet). Barely enough room for someone to squeeze down to the next level -- which is NINE FEET below. Ford starts to lower himself through the space.

140 EXT. CAPITOL ROOF 140

Smiley looks over the edge -- straight DOWN. Between the cracks we can see Ford and Lisa on their precarious journey. He turns to Business Punker and smiles.

SMILEY
Let's go.

Punker gives him a "you've got to be kidding me" look. Smiley's grin become almost a grimace -- no, he's not kidding.

141 EXT. 12TH FLOOR AWNING 141

Ford is already here. Lisa's feet dangle down -- she drops. Ford grabs her and she hits the tiny ledge -- sways -- he steadies her. Those last three or four feet are the killer.

They catch their breath. Then Ford tries to push open a window -- but it's locked. Ford swings a foot and KICKS the window. Not a terrific idea when you're standing on a one foot ledge --

BONK! -- the glass bounces, unaffected -- WHOA! -- Ford teeters from the hit -- falling -- Lisa grabs --

She's got him -- pulls him back up. Lisa catches her breath -- valiantly keeping her cool --

LISA
DON'T do that again.

-- until a BULLET ZINGS BY. Lisa SCREAMS -- they look up.

Between the spaces we see Business Punker -- pointing the business end of a gun between the awnings from above.

FORD
Around!

They move along the side of the building -- making for the next space in the awning.

142 LEDGE - WITH SMILEY 142

He's squeezing through an awning gap -- and he's almost too thick to get through. He drops down -- and hits the next ledge. Smiley teeters -- steadies -- moves on.

143 DIFFERENT LEDGE - BUSINESS PUNKER 143

prepares to go down -- sticks his gun in his mouth -- winces at the metal taste -- continues with two hands.

144 10TH FLOOR - FORD AND LISA 144

Ford looks up -- Business Punker coming.

FORD
Back the other way. Zig zag!

They inch left along the edge.

145 WIDE AND HIGH ON ALL THIS 145

Our shot spins around the Capitol Building. Ford and Lisa are zigging and zagging and dropping down. Business Punker follows them from a few floors above -- going left and right. Smiley is concentrating on going straight down.

146 8TH FLOOR -- FORD AND LISA 146

Lisa drops down into Fords arms. They turn.

And SMILEY is is right there waiting for them. Lisa SCREAMS -- Smiley LUNGES at Ford--

They lock arms on the tiny one-foot ledge. They push on each other -- muscle to muscle --

And Ford is losing. Smiley SHOVES -- Ford tumbles back -- bumps into Lisa. Lisa grabs him -- teeters with him. Here comes Smiley. Ford pushes Lisa back -- gets ready for him. He's here.

Smiley swings -- and Ford DUCKS. The inertia of the swing throws Smiley off balance -- WAY off balance. He sways -- reaches out to grab something -- finds only glass.

Smiley FALLS -- hits the awning -- SLIDES -- keeps FALLING -- OFF the edge --

-- and OUT OF SIGHT.

147 4TH FLOOR AWNING 147

as Smiley flies past -- and GRABS ON with both hands. He hangs for a second -- grins -- then in an insane show of power, pulls himself up.

148 8TH FLOOR 148

Ford and Lisa haven't seen Smiley's last minute rescue. They move down to the next level.

149 7TH FLOOR - FORD AND LISA 149

come around. There is a sudden FLURRY OF NOISE -- SQUAWKS -- FLAPPING. Lisa SCREAMS. Pigeons SCATTER.

150 BUSINESS PUNKER 150

is RIGHT ABOVE Ford and Lisa. Birds shoot up -- Punker stumbles -- slides down -- his hands miss the inside edge of the awning--

SCREE-E-E-E-E! -- his fingernails rake across the sheet metal.

151 BELOW - WITH FORD AND LISA 151

as Business Punker DROPS DOWN -- and -- BAM! -- grabs the OUTSIDE EDGE of the awning above. He dangles -- gun in mouth - out in the air about five feet -- the next awning three feet below. And he's right in front of Ford.

FORD
Hi there!

Punker scowls -- KICKS. He's too far out to hit them.

FORD
You should join the Rockettes.

Then the Punker does an incredible thing:

He LETS GO of the awning with his right hand -- dangling only from his left. And he's reaching for the gun in his mouth --

This isn't funny anymore -- they won't be able to get away in time. So Ford grabs Lisa's PURSE --

Punker has the gun -- devastating pain registering on his face -- he points the weapon at the couple. And Ford THROWS the purse -- BAP!-- hits Punker's holding hand --

And the hand GIVES OUT -- Business Punker FALLS.

152 ON TABLE UMBRELLA 152

situated in a little dining area to the side of the Capitol Records building.

KA-CHUNK! -- Business Punker lands on it -- IMPALED.

153 BACK TO 7TH FLOOR 153

Ford catches his breath. Lisa stares in shock -- but it's not from the Punker's demise:

LISA
My purse?

FORD
Yes, your purse. Now lets get off this thing!

Lisa nods. Ford holds her hand and hangs through the crack -- lowering her.

154 5TH FLOOR 154

Ford and Lisa walk around -- reach another downward space. Ford helps Lisa drop her feet into the gap...

And a HAND juts up -- SMILEY -- grabs Lisa's legs.

155 WIDER 155

Smiley is in mid-air pulling down on Lisa's legs. He must have JUMPED up to snatch them as they came through.

Lisa SLAMS down the crack -- Ford grabs her upper torso -- but she SLIPS through his arms.

Smiley and Lisa fall down as one. SLAP! -- Smiley hits the ledge -- LETS GO of Lisa -- and she falls OUTWARD --

CLANG! -- Lisa slams into the slanted metal awning -- her feet slide. SLAP! -- she grabs onto the top edge of the awning -- and HOLDS. She lays there -- at a forty-five degree angle -- her feet sticking out into atmosphere.

And Smiley stands right above her grinning.

Smiley rests a steadying hand on the wall -- sticks his foot out towards the top of the awning -- towards Lisa's fingers.

LISA
FORD!!!

THUNK -- Ford drops from above and lands on the ledge -- two feet behind Smiley. Ford balances. Smiley turns -- cocks his arm to punch. But he stops -- thinks twice about it.

Smiley's hands lunge out at Ford -- and grab his throat. Ford chokes -- shoots his hands out -- locking them on Smiley's neck.

They try to strangle each other -- push -- twist -- both almost dependant on the other to keep balance.

Lisa tries to pull up -- reaches out -- DIGS her nails into Smiley's ankle. Smiley grunts -- Ford gets the idea -- starts to dig his nails into Smiley's wrists -- draws blood.

Smiley's had enough of this. He swings Ford's head out a bit -- then IN -- smashing Ford's skull against the side of the building.

But, let's see -- for every action there is an equal and opposite...

Ford's head BOUNCES -- and that bouncing knocks them both OFF BALANCE. They TWIST -- TIP -- LET GO OF EACH OTHER -- and both FALL --

-- CLANG! CLANG! -- onto the metal awning right next to Lisa -- Smiley in the middle.

Smiley and Ford each hold on with one hand and reach out with the other -- swinging punches. SWOOSH -- CLANG -- CRUNCH. Hitting metal -- hitting flesh. The awning CREAKS.

Lisa puts her nails back to work -- reaching around and ripping at Smiley's EYES. Smiley YELLS -- LOSES his grip -- starts to SLIDE DOWN --

-- until he GRABS Ford's belt. Ford holds on with both hands as Smiley's full weight pulls on his body. Ford twists -- Smiley prepares to BITE Ford's leg --

And that's when the awning BENDS. It wasn't build for this. The angle instantly changes from forty-five to twenty-five a.. all three people SLAM down and bounce --

And Smiley lets go of Ford's belt -- slides down -- and grabs Ford's SHOE. Smiley dangles in mid-air.

Ford wiggles his foot -- his ankle POPS out -- Smiley reaches -- but there's nothing else left to grab.

Smiley FALLS. He BOUNCES off the next awning down -- and drops OUT OF SIGHT.

Ford pulls himself up the awning -- it GROANS and BENDS. He reaches the ledge -- crawls onto it -- grabs Lisa's hand -- and really pulls hard.

FORD
Come... on... Lisa...

LISA
I'm... trying...

She tries to use her feet to help -- Ford musters more strength than he ever has in his life -- Lisa gets an elbow up on the ledge -- Ford wraps an arm around her -- the awning BREAKS and FALLS --

-- and Lisa kneels on the ledge next to Ford, both of them hugging the side of the building. CLANG -- the awning hits the ground. Ford looks over his shoulder below.

FORD
Keep smiling, pal.

The two of them inch along the ledge -- reach the next awning -- turn around and sit. Lisa holds Ford tightly.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. 2ND FLOOR LEDGE - FORD AND LISA 156

are almost home. They're both wobbly as hell -- barely able to walk.

FORD
Come on. We're getting good at this. One more floor.

LISA
Okay...

She smiles at Ford -- quickly kisses him on the lips -- real romantic like. Ford enjoys it -- a lot. Until Lisa puts her right foot into AIR -- and she starts to fall. Ford reaches -- MISSES -- starts to FALL HIMSELF.

Lisa and Ford tumble towards the ground.

157 EXT. GROUND FLOOR -- ON DUMPSTER 157

THUNK - THUNK! Garbage breaks Ford and Lisa's fall as they land right into the dumpster.

Ford's head slowly comes up -- an empty MacDonald's box on it. He knocks the trash off and helps Lisa up.

FORD
Are you okay?

LISA
I'll live -- I guess.

They both climb out and onto the pavement. We're at the back of the Capital Building. Ford gets on his knees and kisses the ground. Lisa catches her breath.

Then Ford spots something a few feet away. He gets up, walks over -- and picks up Business Punker's dropped GUN.

LISA
Oh, NOW we have a gun.

FORD
Come on, let's get out of here.

Ford slips the gun in the back of his pants, grabs Lisa and yanks her along -- hobbling on one shoe.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 158

We TRAVEL with Ford and Lisa as they RUN down the sidewalk -- weaving in and around the crowd.

LISA
Please -- no. Stop. Let's tell the police.

FORD
Maxwell's got those disks! There's no time to explain to the cops. Hoffman'll never believe me anyway. Let's GO!

And BAP! -- they both bump into a BIG DUDE -- Lisa manages to keep her balance. Ford, doesn't. He FALLS to the ground.

Face to face with ART MOONEY.

No, no, not the actual human, the STAR -- the Hollywood Walk of Fame Star. "Art Mooney" is printed just above a 5 inch record symbol.

Ford stares at the name -- the star -- the record. His jaw falls open. He is completely speachless.

LISA
Are you alright?

Lisa yanks on Ford, but he stays on his knees -- palms flat on the sidewalk decoration. There's a manic gleam in his eyes.

FORD
Art Mooney!... Art Mooney! What is it? What does it mean...?

LISA
What are you talking about?

FORD
Argg! Come on, Fairlane -- think... Art! Talk to me! Aaarrrt...

LISA
Oh, Ford. We'll get you help -- I promise. It'll be alright.

Ford looks closely at the star. He runs his fingers over it. Touches the little record emblem -- FEELS something -- looks closer:

There's a tiny GAP around the edge of the record -- it's not flush with the rest of the star. Ford smiles.

He gets it now.

And SLAP -- the Big Dude's hand grips Ford's shoulder -- WHOOSH -- effortlessly pulls Ford to his feet. Maybe he gets it NOW -- KA-CHINK -- a SWITCHBLADE flips open in front of Ford's face.

BIG DUDE
You had best apologize.

And before the Big Dude knows it, Ford SNATCHES the knife out of his hand --

FORD
Perfect.

-- and gets back down on his knees at the star.

He takes the blade and jams it in the space around the record. He pushes -- twists -- jams harder.

POP! -- the little record symbol flips off the rest of the star. It was covering a 5 inch hole. A silvery rainbow sparkle comes from that hole. Ford sticks his finger in --

And pulls out a COMPACT DISK. A Sludge album.

Ford stands up triumphantly. Lisa stares at the disk -- knowing now what it means. Ford turns to the Big Dude -- hands him back his knife.

FORD
I'm sorry, but I can't apologize. Bumping into you was the best thing I've done all week. Thanks!

Ford yanks Lisa away before the Dude has time to react.

CUT TO:

159 INT. AUDITORIUM - THE AMERICAN MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT 159

Audience -- TV cameras -- Stage -- Set -- Podium. At the podium are CINDY LAUPER and HUEY LEWIS. (NOTE: All Rock Stars are subject to availability.)

Cindy is talking in that distinctive accent of hers:

CINDY
... Edgar Diamond, Bryce Cleary, and Jack Maxwell.

We see Jack Maxwell -- completely cool, calm, and collected. He's sitting with a TALL REDHEAD.

HUEY
(opening the envelope)
And the winner is....
(to Cindy)
Here, you read it.

CINDY
...Jack Maxwell!

APPLAUSE -- MUSIC -- The tall redhead goes crazy for Maxwell, who politely rises, nods to her, and heads for the stage -- all completely calm and assured.

TV cameras catch Maxwell going up to the stage with "Producer of the Year" supered.

160 AT THE PODIUM 160

Maxwell strides by Cindy, shakes hands with Huey, and is handed his award -- an eight-inch tall PYRAMID design -- by an assistant. He moves toward -- wait a minute...

That's no assistant... That's --

FORD FAIRLANE, Rock and Roll Detective!

Maxwell's faces breaks for maybe a second as he takes his award from Ford and turns to the microphone, all smiles.

MAXWELL
Thank you. Thank you. I can't tell you what this means to me. It's a wonderful honor. I'd like to thank all the people that helped make this possible.

He looks up -- tears welling in his eyes.

MAXWELL
This one's for you, Bobby.

MUSIC kicks in as Ford, beaten and bruised and missing a shoe, starts to lead Maxwell offstage.

MAXWELL
(smiling to the cameras)
You're a persistent idiot, aren't you?

FORD
I try.

The two of them wave to millions of TV viewers as they go:

161 INT. STAGE WINGS 161

Maxwell smirks. He tucks his award under his arm for a second and pulls two compact disks out of his jacket. He holds them in both hands in front of Ford.

Then he SNAPS them in half. He hands the pieces to Ford.

MAXWELL
Here. A gift.

FORD
That's okay. I have my own.

Ford pulls HIS compact disk out of a pocket. Maxwell frowns.

FORD
Shoemaker may have been an asshole -- but at least he was a clever one.

MAXWELL
Nice try, Fairlane. Stop off at Tower Records before you came by?

Maxwell shakes his head and walks past Ford -- behind the curtain.

162 OTHER SIDE OF CURTAIN 162

Maxwell walks through and -- LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION -- Entertainment Tonight, CNN, the Eleven O'Clock News -- they're all here with about thirty other people. Maxwell is startled.

REPORTER
Mr. Maxwell? How does it feel?

NEWSCASTER
Mr. Maxwell! What can you tell us about...

MAXWELL
Uh, excuse me. Could we do this later. I just...

NEWSWOMAN
Could you tell us what's next for you?

Ford pops through the curtain -- compact disk still in his hand. He hams it up for the cameras.

FORD
Jail. You see, Jack here is a busy fellow. He's a record pirate and a murder.

The crowd starts murmuring various "whos," "huhs," and "what gives?" Maxwell steams.

FORD
The evidence is on this disk.

MAXWELL
There's nothing but music on the disk. Will someone please call the police?

FORD
Jack -- you don't believe me? Okay -- I'll let the press check it out. Who wants this? Front page news -- real scoop! Up for grabs! Right here!

Ford starts offering the CD around to the confused reporters. Maxwell finally believes it's the real thing -- and he panics.

Maxwell GRABS the disk out of Ford's hand and RUNS.

163 BACKSTAGE 163

Maxwell moving -- CD in one hand, his award in the other. He dodges and ducks around obstacles like a spooked horse.

Ford is right behind him -- chasing.

Maxwell turns a corner -- and there's MADONNA right in his way. He grabs her face and pushes her aside. Look out -- JANET JACKSON -- POW -- an elbow to the ribs.

MAXWELL
Get out of my fuckin' way, you no-talent cunts!

Ford rounds the corner, close on Maxwell's heels, bobbing and weaving through the backstage crowd. He barely misses PHIL COLLINS who's opening a bottle of wine with a corkscrew.

Maxwell nears a side exit -- almost free. Ford yells.

FORD
Chubbs! Don't let that guy get out!

CHUBBS, the bouncer/doorman appears from behind the door. All three hundred pounds of him. Maxwell stops. Shit. He looks back at Ford -- checking his lead -- in time to see --

Ford -- grabbing Collins' wine bottle by the corkscrew handle and FLINGING with all his might -- POP! -- the uncorked bottle ROCKETS straight at Maxwell --

Maxwell ducks -- SMASH -- the bottle SPLINTERS on the wall behind him -- wine everywhere. Time to move.

Maxwell heads for the rear of the stage -- toward a spiral staircase going up.

Ford -- removing the cork from the corkscrew while running -- makes a diagonal towards Maxwell -- who beats Ford to the staircase -- but you can't move too fast up those things and Ford catches up to Maxwell, only three steps up -- his feet level with Ford's head.

Ford grabs Maxwell's leg and --

GLITCH! -- Ford rams the corkscrew into Maxwell's calf.

Maxwell drops his award and HOWLS -- instinctively kicks out -- hitting Ford squarely in the FACE --

But Ford doesn't let go of Maxwell -- TWIST -- he screws the twisted metal deeper into Maxwell who --

FWAPP -- kicks Ford in his bleeding nose -- but still Ford holds on as --

TWIST -- Maxwell SCREAMS

FWAPP -- bones CRUNCH

And that last one was the kicker because --

Ford FALLS --

Flat on his back -- clutching his face as Maxwell retrieves his award and continues up the staircase -- LIMPING -- blood slowly coming out of his leg.

Down, but not out, Ford rises and makes for the staircase.

164 CATWALK 164

A horizontal iron walkway running from left to right, forty feet above the stage. Maxwell gets here first, using that time to try and unscrew the corkscrew from his leg -- OUCH -- just to touch it hurts, so Maxwell leaves it alone. He starts to move across the catwalk.

Ford reaches the top -- slightly out of breath and still a little dizzy. He calls out to Maxwell, half-way across.

FORD
You can't run forever, Jack.

Maxwell stops. Turns to Ford.

MAXWELL
Your right, Ford. In fact, I don't have to run at all.

Maxwell puts down his award -- takes the "Art Mooney" CD, breaks it in two, and drops the pieces to the catwalk floor.

165 CLOSE ON CATWALK FLOOR 165

The disk halves catch the light as they hit the cold, iron grating -- right near Maxwell's feet.

Blood runs from the corkscrew -- down Maxwell's leg -- to his shoe -- on the disks -- and through the grating -- directly towards:

166 THE PODIUM 166

Decked out in a white tuxedo, STING is presenting the final award for the evening. He never notices the small red stain that appears on his shoulder.

STING
...so, without further ado, the nominees for Best Album of the Year ARE...

167 CATWALK 167

Maxwell has beaten Ford and is rubbing it in.

MAXWELL
Well, Ford. I guess you lose. You truly are an idiot. And probably one of the worst private detectives I've ever seen. But then again, that's what I'd expect from the son of a drunk.

Maxwell's victorious grin can only be pure evil. Ford stares at him blankly. Then --

FORD
You're right.
(beat)
I did stop off at Tower Records before I came here.

Ford pulls the real "Mooney" disk from his pocket. Maxwell's face drops.

FORD
This is the real disk -- the one that's gonna put you away for a long hard time. Where I suspect you'll do a lot of whining and spreading and screaming. But then again, that's what I'd expect from a son-of-a-bitch.
(almost sympathetic)
Come on, Jack. It's over. Let's go.

Maxwell lowers his head, leans down and picks up his award, and resignedly moves toward Ford -- looks him in the eye --

MAXWELL
Fuck you.

He turn to run -- but he SLIPS on the now bloody CD half -- and falls over the edge -- still holding his award --

168 AT THE PODIUM 168

The envelope is opened --

STING
And the winner IS...

-- and he finally looks up --

STING
SHIT!!

-- and as the "King of Pain" flees the stage --

WHHAMM!! -- Maxwell smashes the glass podium to shards.

169 WIDE ON ALL THIS HELL 169

as the audience SCREAMS -- people jump up -- Security Guards leap -- Maxwell's body BOUNCES --

170 HIGH ANGLE - STRAIGHT DOWN 170

on Maxwell as he rolls over on his back -- looking straight up at us -- his precious pyramid embedded in his chest. Stabbed through the heart by his own award. Blood spreads.

171 UP WITH FORD 171

as he looks down at Maxwell. He raises an eyebrow.

FORD
Congratulations.

And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

172 BACKSTAGE - LATER 172

Cops, reporters, gawkers -- all crowed around in the aftermath. Rock Stars and Roadies excitedly talk amongst themselves while Ford walks through glancing around. He's looking for someone.

Unfortunately he finds Lieutenant Hoffman. Hoffman is speechless -- about to explode. Ford gets it over with quickly:

FORD
Hi, Bill. Here's the story. Maxwell was a compact disk pirate. Sludge, Shoemaker, and Sutton found out. He killed them. Here's the evidence.

He slaps the compact disk in Hoffman's hand.

FORD
Don't bother to thank me. I gotta go -- have a date.

Ford quickly turns around and walks away. Hoffman grits his teeth.

173 INT. HALLWAY 173

Ford keeps looking. He finds her. Lisa is here with a beefy ROCK STAR. She smiles.

LISA
Ford! Hi! Here, I want you to meet Damion Flemm. He's really swell and he's going to take me on tour to Japan with him. Isn't that great?

Ford valiantly hides his disappointment.

FORD
That's wonderful, Lisa.

DAMION
Yeah. She's a really cool babe!

FORD
She certainly is.

DAMION
I gotta go get my stuff, okay?

LISA
Sure. I'll be right there.

Damion leaves. Lisa and Ford are alone. She looks up at him with sparkling eyes.

LISA
You understand, don't you? I mean -- it's Japan!

FORD
Of course I do. You have a great time.

LISA
Thanks. Thanks for everything.

Lisa kisses him quickly on the cheek and skips away. He watches her go. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

174 MONTAGE -- FORD GOES HOME 174

A soulful sax solo accompanies Ford as he wanders home on foot-- looking appropriately like the saddest guy in history. He walks the streets, rides a bus, passes all-night places, all-night people -- lonely people in a lonely town. Depressing stuff.

A man's heart has been truly broken.

We unfortunately end up at --

175 EXT. FORD'S HOME - NIGHT 175

Gloomy -- dark -- one third missing. Ford walks slowly to the space that used to be the front door.

176 INT. FORD'S LIVING ROOM 176

Or what's left of it -- lit solely by a streetlight through the missing walls. Surprisingly, half the desk and the wastebasket are still standing. Ford enters.

Ford starts emptying his pockets onto the desk. Napkins, coins, keys, and --

Lisa's picture -- blowing us a good-bye kiss.

Ford takes one last look -- and tosses it in the trash. And that's when we hear the CLICK! The kind a gun makes when it's cocked. Ford turns to see:

Smiley -- blood stains covering his Hawaiian shirt -- GUN pointed. Cheerful as always.

SMILEY
Welcome home. Time for the last song.

Ford can't take this. Enough is enough, already! Your basic last straw. Ford becomes ANGRY -- much much angrier than we've ever seen him before.

FORD
WHAT!? Are you kidding me? Are you fucking kidding me?! You're just going to SHOOT ME? After all the crap you put me through! You're going to fag out on me now? What's the matter, afraid I'm going to hurt you? You afraid all your oriental bullshit ain't gonna work? You're pathetic. COME ON -- man to man. Come on! Put that away and let's finish this!

Smiley is a little taken aback. Ford SCREAMS -- and SNATCHES the gun away from the big guy's hand and --

TOSSES is away.

FORD
Come on, you cocksucker!

Face off. Smiley SMILES -- likes this idea. He cracks his knuckles.

That's when Ford pulls out his own gun and points it at Smiley. He's completely calm now:

FORD
I can't believe you let me throw your gun away like that. You're stupid.

And for the first time in this story Smiley DROPS HIS SMILE.

FORD
Okay, come on, pal. Move.

SMILEY
YEEEAAAAAGGHHH!!

And Smiley does more than move, he SCREAMS as he launches into a FLYING MID-AIR SCISSOR KICK straight at Ford.

177 SLOW MOTION ON ALL OF THIS 177

as Ford registers what's happening -- takes a SHOT at Smiley -- ducks --

Smiley misses Ford -- flying right over him -- still in perfect formation -- with an equally perfect BULLET HOLE right between the eyes -- very dead --

-- and he hits one of the remaining living room walls -- which was just barely standing -- and certainly isn't now as Smiley's foot connects -- bringing down the wall as well as what's left of the roof.

178 BACK TO NORMAL SPEED 178

Ford carefully walks over to the rubble -- Smiley's upper half poking out. He tosses the gun on Smiley's chest.

FORD
Rock and roll.

Ford shakes his head. Case finally closed. As he moves for the doorframe, a thought occurs to him. A thought he likes.

CUT TO:

179 EXT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT 179

Ford is at the front door holding a grocery bag. He pushes the doorbell. Inside the house we hear a quick electronic version of "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds."

A beat.

Then JAZZ opens the door. What she sees is a battered and bruised man.

FORD
Trick or treat for UNICEF.

JAZZ
Are you okay?

FORD
No, I'm pretty stupid. I've been looking for something that's been right in front of me the whole time. Some detective, huh? Oh, here, these are for you.

Ford pulls about six frozen dinners out of the paper bag. Jazz laughs -- she loves this.

FORD
You gotcher salsbury steak, you gotcher turkey style dinner, you gotcher Filet of Beef type food thing with natural processed cheese food substance... That last one's au gratin, I think...

JAZZ
Well, they say it's the thought that counts. Of course, they never ate any of this stuff.

Jazz beams and lets Ford in. She closes the door behind her.

FORD (V.O.)
Say, you know, my place is a mess. You got a couch I could sleep on tonight?

JAZZ (V.O.)
Let's see how things go. You may not need it.

A ROCK SONG kicks in as we:

ROLL CREDITS...

THE END